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HERBERT SPENCER: A CHARACTER STUDY.

BY WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON.

THE oft-quoted aphorism of Sir Henry Taylor, that "the world knows nothing of its greatest men," was very literally true in the case of the illustrious English philosopher who, the last of the splendid race of intellectual giants who gave glory to the Victorian Era, has just passed away at a ripe old age. Life moves rapidly in these days; and it is safe to say that, for the present generation, Herbert Spencer has been little more than a name. It is probable, indeed, that there will be many readers to whom the news of his death will cause surprise, mainly by bringing to them a sudden realization of the fact that till just now he was still alive.

Nor is it altogether astonishing that this should be so. Since the completion of his life-work, "The System of Synthetic Philosophy," some years ago, Spencer had dropped very largely out of sight, an occasional utterance through the newspapers, a brief paragraph here and there, alone reminding the world at large of his existence. His closing years were spent in an isolation almost monastic, and in the practical inactivity of slowly failing physical powers. All his life long, his constant ill-health, the enormous demands of the tremendous task which he had set

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himself to accomplish, and to which he gave his whole energy with single-hearted devotion, and his pronounced horror of publicity had combined to keep him, as few men of his transcendent power and influence have been kept, out of the highways of existence; and his complete nervous collapse, a number of years since, with the removal of his home from London to Brighton which followed this, meant his almost total obliteration in the public mind. Hence the curious mystery in which, whatever may be said of the writer, the man himself has always remained enshrouded. There has been a little gossip now and then about his struggles, his invalidism, his various real or supposed eccentricities; but few have known anything really worth knowing about the personality and character of one who has impressed himself so deeply upon the life and thought of his age.

Better qualified than most men still living, through the privilege of long and intimate association with him, to speak of Herbert Spencer, the man, I had always been restrained, during his lifetime, from giving publicity to anything that might seem to him to imply even the slightest breach of confidence, by my knowledge of his extreme sensitiveness in this respect. But now that the embargo has been, to some extent, removed by his death, I feel that I can write more freely than I have ever done hitherto about him; though what I write will still be in the spirit of utter reverence towards the memory of the great teacher, whose friendship was an incalculable blessing to me, and whose influence has entered as a powerful formative factor into my own character and life.

From the photographs with which every reader is doubtless familiar, it will be seen that Spencer's face was a strikingly expressive one, with its strong frontal ridge, deep-set eyes, prominent nose and firmly cut mouth and jaw—the face, as you instantly saw, of a man marked out for intellectual leadership. The features which, however, arrested attention in particular (as again the portraits show) were the magnificent broad brow and high-domed head, which led many qualified observers to assert that Spencer's cranial development was the finest they had ever seen. In his case there was no such incongruity as sometimes exists between the man's appearance and his work. The one seemed to harmonize wholly with the other. One thing, however, would perhaps astonish you, as it astonished George Eliot. The forehead

of a great thinker is generally ploughed deep with the lines of thought. Spencer's was, to the end, as smooth as a child's, bearing no traces of his long years of intense intellectual strain. This was probably due, as he once suggested to me, to the fact that, instead of setting himself to puzzle out problems, he allowed his thoughts to evolve themselves naturally. It was also a little surprising that his long-continued ill-health appeared to have had so slight an effect outwardly upon him. His tall and rather gaunt figure was, almost to the last, wonderfully erect; his cheeks were always ruddy; his splendid voice, which would have been a fortune to an orator, retained its richness and resonance; his rather rare laugh, its deep-chested, musical quality. Few men in the eighties are as well preserved as he was; and it was difficult, in looking at him or listening to him, to believe that for half a century he had been, to a considerable extent, an invalid.

I well remember my first meeting with him at the Athenæum Club; and I refer to this now because the impression which he then made upon me (a very youthful and ardent student of his writings) was, I believe, the impression which he habitually made upon strangers. Devoted as was my admiration for him, I had to confess that he repelled me just a little. I found him a trifle cold, remote, difficult of access. Until you got to know him well, indeed, you were always burdened by the feeling that you were in the presence of a very great man; he seemed to stand on a plane altogether above and beyond you; you hardly knew how to get into touch with him. This was not in the least the result of any sort of assumption on his part of greatness or oracularity. No man could be more simple, more modest, more absolutely unassuming; and affectations of any kind were wholly alien to the complete clarity of his nature. But, somehow, the feeling was there all the same. He was by temperament exceedingly reserved in ordinary intercourse—I might almost say, shy. This lent his manner a certain suggestion of restraint, and I can well understand that those who met him only casually must have thought him rather chilly and unsympathetic. It was hard, at first, too, to feel quite at ease with him, because he seemed to compel one to be more cautious in one's utterances than one quite likes to be. I have seen it stated that his own talk was "like a book." This is scarcely true, for there was nothing bookish—nothing set, formal or pedantic—about his conversation. But you saw that he was

scrupulous about every detail; that he measured his speech to the exact fit of his meaning, and never indulged in our common habit of reckless and haphazard assertion; while his diction was marvelously chaste and accurate, his sentences finished and correct. I suppose all this challenged one, and made one rather uncomfortably solicitous about one's own intellectual and grammatical responsibilities. But you had only to get thoroughly accustomed to these peculiarities, and you realized that they were simply upon the surface. The seeming aloofness of the man disappeared, and you found beneath the reticence and the coldness which first troubled you a large, simple and eminently sympathetic nature.

That Spencer was always easy to get on with, I do not say. He was often irritable and sometimes quick of temper and of tongue. His judgment of men was occasionally severe; and he had so little tolerance of the foibles, prejudices and petty absurdities of everyday life that he now and then struck one as hard and even censorious. He set up an extremely high standard of conduct, and was outspoken in his condemnation of meanness, untruthfulness and trickery, of sordid ambitions and weak subserviency to the dictates of the social code. But it must be remembered that, unlike many moralists who make rigorous demands upon the integrity of others, he made demands equally rigorous upon himself. The severe standard by which he tested the conduct of his neighbors was the standard by which he governed his own life. I have met many morally great and noble men, but Herbert Spencer was, morally, the greatest and noblest man I have ever known. It is true that he lacked the warmth and expansiveness of more impulsive natures; and this deficiency might easily lead one to underestimate the depth, earnestness and sincerity of his character. But the better one knew him, the more one grew to understand and admire his quiet strength, his steadiness of ethical purpose and unflinching courage, the purity of his motives, his rigid adherence to righteousness and truth, and his exquisite sense of justice in all things. It was, perhaps, the principle of justice which was the ultimate rule of conduct with him. But, though he believed and taught that justice should take precedence of generosity and that reckless generosity is an unmixed evil, the claims of generosity were by no means overlooked by him. This was shown again and again, in my knowledge of him, by acts of practical sympathy with deserving people and worthy causes.

I return to what I have said about Spencer's frequent irritability, to remark that, as every one was aware who was much with him, this had its root directly in his physical condition. Overwork on his epoch-making "*Principles of Psychology*" (published in its original form in 1855) brought about a severe attack of nervous prostration, from which he never entirely recovered. He was, from that time on, a martyr to dyspepsia and insomnia in their most obstinate forms. I remember his once telling me that, from the period of his breakdown in middle life, he had never known what it was to enjoy a full, natural night's rest. Joining him for work in the morning, during the time of my constant association with him, I would commonly ask him how he had slept, and the best answer he ever had to give me was: "I had a very good night, for me. I slept four hours." The fearful wear and tear of such a condition of chronic indigestion and sleeplessness may be realized even by the robust; and the matter was made worse in his case, I am convinced, by his constant recourse to all sorts of soporifics, to which he had in the first instance been driven by sheer despair, and which he long employed in quantities which frequently caused his friends alarm. These drugs, while of course they did nothing towards the permanent alleviation of the insomnia, undoubtedly aggravated the digestive troubles, while the reaction following their use just as certainly increased the nervous depression and irritability. Another feature of the case, and a very distressing one, was the hypochondria which grew out of these conditions, and which, during the later years of his life, added to the invalid's actual sufferings a variety of imaginary ills. Again and again, physicians assured him that the great organs were all sound. He was never fully convinced, and he ultimately got into the habit of watching himself and his symptoms with a morbid curiosity and a minuteness the mental results of which may be readily conceived. Any discussion of Spencer's occasional petulance—and my special reason for dwelling on the subject now is, that reference is certain to be made to it—must properly be accompanied by the strongest emphasis upon the state of things I have described.

Here it may, perhaps, be well to speak of the famous Spencerian ear-stoppers, a more or less accurate account of which has from time to time found its way into the public press. The simple facts of the matter are these. Years ago, Spencer found that the effect

of following ordinary conversation became frequently too much for him; but he liked to have people about him, to watch the play of expression on their faces, to feel that, though he could not himself share much in the merriment, he was, as it were, a part of the normal and healthy social world. For this reason, he objected to withdrawal into solitude, and evolved a plan by which he might secure the partial isolation which he required. He had a circular spring made to go round the back of his head, and this carried pads which fitted firmly upon the ears, effectively deadening the noise about him, and reducing the surrounding chatter to a mere hum. I have often seen him, stretched at length upon his couch, follow with apparent interest the gossip over the afternoon tea-cups up to a certain point, and then, reaching under his pillow, draw forth and adjust his instrument, thus suddenly detaching himself from his environment. The effect of this movement with comparative strangers was always to cause an instant cessation of the conversation. But this was precisely what Spencer did not wish. "Go on talking," he would exclaim, with a quizzical look; "I can't hear what you are saying, you know!" I have known him, too, occasionally interrupt in this way a current of conversation directed immediately to him, and I have seen it stated that when he did this it was done and taken as a rebuff. My own experience was that it was always done good-humoredly; though I can quite appreciate the embarrassment of those who were thus unexpectedly checked in their efforts for the great philosopher's entertainment.

What I have just implied about Spencer's fondness for social intercourse may itself, perhaps, suffice to correct an apparently common misapprehension—that he was naturally somewhat of an ascetic or recluse. He was not so in the least, and the seclusion of so much of his life was a matter of necessity and not at all of choice. He was really of a sociable disposition, a thoroughly "clubbable" man, as Johnson would say; fond, when health permitted, of dining out; an admirable conversationalist and *raconteur*, with a capital sense of humor and a keen eye for the fun of even little things. I believe I am right in saying that, in earlier life, like his friend G. H. Lewes, he was a good hand at a comic song; but I got to know him too late to hear any of his performances in this line myself. He always scouted the notion that, because a man devoted his life to serious subjects, he should, there-

fore, be deemed superior to the ordinary pleasures of humanity. Nor was there anything puritanic about his general conception of existence. Though dyspepsia imposed restraints upon his own diet, he was a firm believer in the good things of the table, including those of potable character. And while he did not himself smoke, or did so only on the rarest occasions, he had not the slightest objection to the moderate use of the weed. As readers of his "Ethics" will remember, one of his main principles was a true temperance in all things, and this, like all his theories, was a matter of practice with him as well.

For many years, his main social outlet was at the Athenæum Club, where he was a very familiar figure. Cards he cared nothing about. He told me once that he had tried to learn whist, but had desisted on finding that he could never remember the plays, a consolation to some of us who have to confess the same inability. But he was very fond of billiards, which he played well; and he has more than once amused me by his accounts of spirited contests between himself and—of all people in the world—staid bishops of the English Church. His principal outdoor recreations in earlier life had been fishing in Scotland and quoits; but both of these he had been obliged to give up for many years before his death. It may surprise many to learn that he went but little to books for the purposes of relaxation. Ordinary works of imagination did not much interest him. Poetry of the highest class—Shakespeare, Keats and the finest parts of Tennyson, for example—he thoroughly enjoyed; but, save in the line of his work, he was not a reading man. While engaged on my book on Rousseau, I wrote asking him whether or not it were true, as has been so constantly alleged, that he was indebted to "*Émile*" for many of his own educational ideas. His reply was that at the time his "Education" was produced he had never even heard of "*Émile*," and that he had never read it since. General literature was for him an interest on the margin of life only. I remember, one winter at Brighton, reading some novels aloud to him in the long evenings, and how greatly he enjoyed "Humphrey Clinker," though on the whole Thackeray was clearly his favorite novelist. At another time, I read him several of Mr. W. D. Howells's stories, and he appreciated the delicate art of these, especially in the dialogue. But he was always very impatient of "padding," and when we came to long descriptions or analyses he would exclaim:

"Skip, skip!" One point especially to be remarked is that he did not take at all kindly to the admixture of philosophy with poetry and fiction. He thought Browning's method altogether wrong; and, while he deeply admired the earlier work of his intimate friend George Eliot, he considered her later writings far too scientific and didactic. But, while the lighter forms of literature thus yielded him only moderate pleasure, music was a never-failing source of satisfaction. He would listen hour after hour while one played to him from the compositions of the great masters, valuing expression, as might be anticipated, far above virtuosity. He had knowledge of music enough to make him a critical as well as responsive auditor; and, while his taste was fairly catholic, he returned habitually to the standard writers of the older school, like Handel and Bach, Beethoven and Gluck. Wagner he enjoyed in parts, but most of the modern composers he was accustomed to dismiss as clever technicians merely, lacking in true inspiration; and he was wholly indifferent to any music, no matter how brilliant, which seemed to him to want the note of genius—which, in a favorite phrase of his, struck him as simply "manufactured."

Spencer's habit was to work about three hours each morning. This represented, at best, the extreme limit of his power, and his labors were often interrupted by the enforced idleness of days or weeks. To economize his strength, he dictated everything, even his letters; and, save for corrections and interlineations, there is little of his manuscript which is written in his own hand. He himself believed that the employment of an amanuensis was a very real help to him, and he again and again advised friends to adopt his plan. How painfully slow, in such circumstances, the progress of his great work must have been will be evident, and the patience, courage and perseverance exhibited in the production of many thousand closely packed pages, in face of the difficulties imposed by chronic ill-health, financial losses and much personal discouragement, give a moral grandeur to his vast achievement upon which it is a pleasure and an inspiration to dwell.

It is, therefore, with sincere regret that I have to add that the completion of the "Synthetic Philosophy" in 1896 did not bring to him the keen satisfaction he might fairly have expected. The closing years of his life were, indeed, clouded with much sadness

and disappointment. Unmarried, without a single relative in the world, and with nearly all his older friends dead before him, he was at the last a solitary and pathetic figure. He had made comparatively little money by his fifty years of self-sacrifice and unremitting devotion to a great ideal. But this fact, I believe, was never considered by him. His depression arose from a different cause. Though when, after a long visit to America, I told him of the influence I found he was exerting there, he replied "I am satisfied," and though he spoke with pardonable pride of the translation of his books into many languages and the spread of his thought all over the world, there was one respect in which I know he was grievously disappointed. His political doctrines were all but unheeded; his Individualism was regarded as visionary. Socialistic ideas were daily growing more and more powerful. He saw, too, with profound apprehension and sorrow, unmistakable signs everywhere of reaction in religion, politics and society. The recrudescence of militarism, the temporary triumph of the cheap imperialists, the development of a sordidly materialistic spirit throughout the modern nations, and their abandonment of the principles of sanity and political righteousness, all these things cast a very black shadow over his declining path. I do not wonder that, as he looked back over his magnificent life-work, his mind should have been darkened by the doubt as to whether some of the truths to which he attached the greatest value might not, after all, have been set forth in vain.

WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON.

THE JEWISH QUESTION: HOW TO SOLVE IT.

BY ARNOLD WHITE.

WHOEVER would grapple with the Jewish Question must bear the burden of a heavy heart. The nature of the task, the failure of bygone efforts and the indifference of Christendom discourage initiative. Any suggestion, however, towards a settlement, if prepared thoughtfully and with labor, and presented with a humble sense of the greatness of the task, may perhaps be accepted as an attempt to answer a riddle which, the writer holds, is soluble only by harmonious action between Gentile and Jew, Slav and Anglo-Saxon, Christian and Agnostic.

It is right that I should exhibit my credentials before venturing to deal with this question. My interest and public action in regard to the alien problem began in 1884. I was then interested and engaged in a study of the social condition of the inhabitants of East London, and especially in the emigration problem. These inquiries were embodied in a book called "The Problems of a Great City," published in 1886. I found that, although emigration from the agricultural districts of England depleted the rural villages, it supplied the great city with efficient manual laborers required in heavy works of construction, and thus mingled the blood of strong and healthy people with the anæmic residents who were born in the streets.

On the other hand, I found that a certain class of alien immigration, both in the United States and in England, was a national evil for seven reasons: (1) It depressed the Western standard of comfort; (2) it impaired physical efficiency by exposing Anglo-Saxons to competition for which they were unsuited by diet or housing customs; (3) it lowered the wages of unskilled women and laborers; (4) it raised rents; (5) it enlarged the area of and established the sweating system; (6) it involved exclusive deal-

ing; (7) immigrants refused to assimilate through intermarriage, thus differentiating immigration of Russian Jews from the class to which belong the Huguenots of the seventeenth, and the Flemings of the sixteenth, century.

For six years after 1884, I paid annual visits to South Africa, for the purpose of planting small colonies of English laborers and artisans among the Dutch population of the Cape. The practical absurdity of exporting, or helping to export, British bone and sinew, only to see them replaced by foreigners of doubtful value, was thus forced upon my mind. During the intervals of my visits to the Cape, I attempted to raise public interest in the question of alien immigration in London, with the view of stopping the influx of undesirables, until, at last, the two Committees on Sweating and Alien Immigration were appointed in 1888. Invited to assist those Committees, and under the belief that legislation would follow, I provided them, at my own cost, with much of the evidence for restriction. I should add that a Society for the Suppression of the Immigration of Destitute Aliens, formed in 1886, was organized and financed mainly by Lord Dunraven and myself.

I also published a book, called "The Modern Jew," in 1899. In the year 1890, the late Baron Hirsch, who disapproved as strongly as the bulk of his co-religionists of my efforts to rouse public opinion in favor of a measure of restriction, invited me to visit Russia, on his behalf, for the purpose of reporting on the condition of the Hebrew subjects of the Tsar, and, later, of negotiating with the Russian Ministers for such relaxations in the Russian system and regulations as would enable distressed Jews, some of whom were then coming to Britain, to avail themselves of Baron Hirsch's plan for planting colonies in Argentina.

Glad to have the opportunity of visiting the alien in his home, I accepted the commission. Five times I visited Russia with this object, and finally obtained the Tsar's signature to an alteration of the law granting the required permissions. In the course of study and travel in Russia, I quickly discerned how superficial had been much of the evidence I had placed before the Lords and Commons Committees of 1888 and 1889, and how completely I had mistaken the real centre of gravity. The essential facts of the case in Russia proved that the restriction of the immigration of destitute aliens into the United States and Great Britain

is but the fringe of a larger subject, and is one of greater difficulty and complexity than any matter of mere local economics.

The problem to-day in the United States of America and in England, as in Russia where the centre of gravity lies, is essentially racial and international, although its more obvious and immediate effects are at present, in England and America, mainly economic. There is no religious problem. Jews are Unitarians, and Unitarians are nowhere persecuted. The evidence that the *crux* of the problem is primarily racial and international, rather than religious, economic, or local, lies in the facts—and I am speaking only of the bulk of the immigrants—(1) that orthodox Hebrew immigrants refuse assimilation, either with the Russians in Russia, with the Americans of the States, with the Arabs in Tunis, or with the English in England, just as rigidly as did their ancestors with the Gentiles in the days of Nehemiah; and (2) that this repugnance to assimilate either with Anglo-Saxons or Russians, so far from being concealed or denied, is both conscientiously felt and openly expressed by the flower of the people, especially by the poorer orthodox Hebrew immigrants.

Before leaving England on my first visit, I had an interview with M. de Staal, then Russian Ambassador in London. He explained to me that the Jewish Question in Russia was entirely a matter of internal arrangement, and that he could not in any sense speak for his Government; but that he was much interested in the matter and would write to St. Petersburg commending me to M. de Giers, who was then acting as Foreign Minister. M. de Staal then proceeded to explain why the old Edicts were removed and the Edicts of May, 1882, revived. He denounced Prince Dolgourouki, the late Governor of Moscow, who had allowed the May Edicts to sink into oblivion, and he declared that the Grand-Duke Sergius would exercise more care in the future. The manner in which the Grand-Duke Sergius “exercised care,” is it not written in the books of the Chronicles of “Darkest Russia”?

I begged M. de Staal to assure his Government that, in the event of its giving me facilities for the examination of the Jewish Question, I should act in the matter with a guest’s regard for his host, and that it was Baron de Hirsch’s desire in all things to work with, and not against, the Government of Russia.

On my way through Paris I had my final conversation with Baron de Hirsch. He gave me no instructions, but he asked me:

"What are you going to do?" My answer was that the *clou* of the whole question lay in the dormant agricultural capacity of the Jews; that, originally, they were a pastoral theocracy, and had only been driven into money-lending and even less desirable avocations by the legislation to which they had been subjected; and that their redemption was only possible if it could be found that they were capable of resuming the healthier methods of existence. I added that I was going to investigate their agricultural capacity with the help of the Russian Government; that I should not intrigue or cabal against them, but should try and win their confidence by English straightforwardness; and that I undertook this work mainly with the object of diverting the stream of destitute Russian and Polish Jews from England to the Land of Promise the Baron was preparing in the Argentine.

As an instance of the misery then existing in Russia, Hirsch told me that hundreds of Jews walked on foot from Russia to Paris, and that twenty-five per cent. died on the way. I asked him whom he considered the best authorities in Russia on the subject, and he replied that M. Pobiedonostseff and M. Solevieff were the best. M. Solevieff is now dead.

Baron de Hirsch spoke of the importance of learning, not only the agricultural capacity of those who were actually engaged in agriculture, but also of those Jews who were constrained from circumstances to inhabit cities.

The credentials from Baron de Hirsch which I presented to M. Pobiedonostseff informed the Procureur of the Holy Synod that I was interested in colonization, and that I had proceeded to Russia, at the Baron's instance, for the purpose of endeavoring to obtain information on the subject of the condition of the Russian Jews, and their adaptability for colonization in the Argentine Republic. The Baron then went on to explain the preparations he had made in the Argentine for the organization of the work of colonization; and he added that, although he was using every possible effort to expedite the arrangements, considerable delays were inevitable.

I duly presented my letter to M. Pobiedonostseff. I had many conversations with him, from which I gathered that the following are the reasons for the action deliberately adopted by the Russian Government against the Jews. I use M. Pobiedonostseff's words:

"1. The characteristics of the Jewish race are parasitic; for their sustenance they require the presence of another race as 'host,' although they remain aloof and self-contained. Take them from the living organism, put them on a rock, and they die. They cannot cultivate the soil.

"2. Can Russia become a nation of middlemen or subjected to middlemen and *entrepreneurs*? The Jewish artisans are not really artisans, only colorably so; and they adopt the calling of artisan in order to become brokers, hucksterers, and middlemen. A recent examination made by the Minister of the Interior proved that, out of thirty watchmakers, only two knew their trade; the other twenty-eight were colorably watchmakers, but really money-lenders and middlemen.

"3. The influence of the Jews on the drinking habits of the Russian people has been terrible, while the houses of ill fame are almost entirely kept by Jews."

In reply to a question as to whether the Jews were not themselves industrious and temperate, M. Pobiedonostseff declared that their temperance and their industry were fatal to the Russians, and that the country was mapped out for exploitation by the Jews; that the peasants cried to the Tsar to help them; and that it was the duty of the Church to obey that call, and to assist the Imperial power in maintaining the sacred nationality of the Russians. It was true that the methods of restriction were inexorable, but the reports in regard to them were exaggerated; but, whatever they were, they could not be relaxed.

On another occasion, M. Pobiedonostseff said that he was not an Anti-semite: that there was no quarrel between him and the Jews; but that his action was dictated entirely by the resolve to preserve Russia from the evils which had already invaded Western Europe, and which in the course of another ten years would probably become a danger to the English-speaking nations and to France.

At a further interview M. Pobiedonostseff told me that the Jewish Question was "insoluble." It was not a question of religion: it was a matter of race. Religion had nothing to do with it; but the Jews invariably raised the cry of religious intolerance when they were attacked for inordinate usury or cruelty in money affairs. He spoke of the drink and education questions.

Since this conversation the Russian Government has taken into its own hands the sale and distribution of vodka, while a disquisition on the education question in Russia need scarcely be reproduced, as popular education in Russia is on much the same

scale as snakes in Iceland. The Jewish Question, said M. Pobiedonostseff in one of our conversations, "was an insoluble problem and mystery, the ultimate issue of which was only known to God." He read me his answer to Baron de Hirsch's touching appeal, and he disclaimed any power to abate the present steps now being taken. He spoke of the dirtiness and the ignorance of the Jews; and, when I asked him how they could be anything but ignorant and dirty, under the present method of administration and their confinement in a Ghetto which left them no alternative but death or resort to undesirable pursuits, he answered that: "Russia would be a nation of middlemen and under the dominion of the Jews within a few years, if Government did not rigorously intervene." I suggested to him that Russia, having made the Jews what they are, punishes them for the result of her own act.

After detailed investigation of the miseries and capacities of the Jewish population throughout Russia, I visited M. Pobiedonostseff again, and told him of many things he did not know. He showed great ability in his answers. He professed entire ignorance of the measures taken by the police, thereby disassociating himself from the stringency with which these measures are enforced. The difference between Pobiedonostseff and Torquemada seems to consist mainly in the fact, that Torquemada interested himself in the executive details of his policy, and thus earned his title to the infamy which posterity has attached to him. M. Pobiedonostseff, unlike Torquemada, has made a point of delegating to others the executive details of his policy. He has preferred to remain ignorant of what has been done in the name of Holy Russia. The result is, that the Pobiedonostseff policy has been carried out with a precision generally associated with laboratory experiments on rabbits and dogs, pinioned, but not drugged, for the knife. It is a failure.

During my investigations in Russia I received the greatest assistance from M. Pobiedonostseff. The various Governors knew that whatever the Minister of the Interior, then M. Dournovo, might say or do, it was M. Pobiedonostseff who was the Emperor's friend; and, this being the case, I found that M. Pobiedonostseff's autograph letter recommending me to the various Governors was an "open sesame" in my journeying. The letter described Baron Hirsch's plan and recommended me to the Governors as a "trustworthy man," undertaking from Petersburg an excursion through

Russia having in view to examine the Jewish population, paying attention especially to trade, their qualification for agriculture, and to their condition and way of life, and their tendency to cleanliness or dirt.

Further, in this matter I had the warm and powerful support of the late Sir Robert Morier, then British Ambassador, whose friendship I prize as one of the dearest memories of my life. Sir Robert Morier told me that Lord Salisbury, then Prime Minister, had written in favor of my mission. I had already been warned by Lord Salisbury that the power of the British Ambassador to help me was necessarily limited by considerations arising out of the office he holds. There can be no indiscretion in quoting the following paragraph from Lord Salisbury's letter to me, having regard to the present state of the Jewish Question in Russia:

"It would be at variance with his [Sir Robert Morier's] duty to interfere with the internal affairs of Russia and especially to concern himself with current questions of controversy on which the rulers of that country are sensitive."

M. de Giers (whose name in Russian is pronounced Hirsch), received me several times; and, after my return from the investigation, on more than one occasion he sent for me at midnight, as he apparently took more interest in the subject than was explained on the surface. At all events, on one occasion the tears rolled down his face while I described to him, at midnight, the condition of some little Jewish children I had seen at Homel. I believe that M. de Giers was a Jew by race, and felt that strange unquenchable loyalty towards his race which is an indelible characteristic of the Chosen People.

I mention M. de Giers's subterranean disloyalty to M. Pobiedonostseff, because it was shared more openly by the late M. Wischnegradsky, the Finance Minister. On more than one occasion, M. Wischnegradsky told me that M. Pobiedonostseff's policy was contrary to every interest which he, the Finance Minister, had to protect. I have little doubt, though I am not authorized to say so, that M. de Witte shares the view of M. Wischnegradsky; and I am convinced, without anticipating the sequel, that the present advisers of the Tsar are firmly of opinion that the time has come to review the whole circumstances of the case, and that, without handing Russia over to the middlemen, as feared by M. Pobiedonostseff, it is their desire to ascertain whether it be not possible, in

some shape or another, to secure Russia from the evils she dreads, while at the same time giving to the Jews greater latitude for legitimate expansion, and substituting for the Pobiedonostseff policy a wiser and broader conception.

From what I saw in Russia during the next five visits that I paid to that country, it became apparent to me that Baron de Hirsch's plan was foredoomed to failure; that the task of dealing with the Jewish Question was not only beyond the power of any individual, however rich or influential, but beyond the power of any nation, even of Russia herself; and that the partnership of Christendom was necessary, if civilization is to be redeemed from the horrible scandal of the Russian Pale, and of the Ghettoes which are already established in the United States of America and in England.

Reports of the massacres which from time to time take place in Russia rarely reach the Western Press. Only the worst of them obtain publicity. In 1897, after the massacres of Schpola and Kantacouzene, I again visited Russia for the purpose of seeing Russian Ministers.

I saw the Minister of the Interior, M. Goremykine, and M. Pobiedonostseff. The latter was now becoming a very old man, and he murmured the same reactionary doctrines that I had heard six years before. The Jews were more numerous, the situation more acute, and the difficulties augmented with which Russia was surrounded. But still M. Pobiedonostseff held firmly that the law of self-preservation required the treatment of the Jews which has created an enemy for Russia wherever a Jew exists outside that land. The Jews of Russia are loyal to the Tsar. They cling to the Russian soil as their motherland.

In the summer of 1897 when I saw M. Pobiedonostseff, I suggested to him the necessity of finding a practicable alternative to Baron de Hirsch's plan, and that Russia herself should take the initiative. He listened attentively, and shadowed forth the idea of a portion of the Armenian territory of the Sultan, which was rich and depopulated, being possibly available for the use of a portion of the Jewish population of Russia. M. Pobiedonostseff pointed out that contact between Armenians and the Jews would not be injurious to the former, and that, therefore, the evils which existed in Russia would not be reproduced in the dominions of the Sultan.

As regards the United States and Great Britain, the Jewish Question in Russia is already creating a condition of affairs which promises to engender friction, and even more serious evils, in the near future. The United States regulates immigration in such wise that certain minimum qualifications are compulsory on would-be citizens of the United States. In England it is otherwise. Rents are raised and the standard of existence is lowered by the colonization of Russian undesirables—a process justified in the sacred name of the “right of asylum.” The foreigners who settle in England are almost entirely of the Jewish race, and it is, therefore, impossible to touch the question of foreign immigration without raising the Jewish Question. The children of the Hebrew immigrant still regard the Goyim, or Gentiles, as undesirable persons for their children to marry. The Italian immigrant is blended with the English by the third generation. No assimilation takes place in the case of Russian Jewish immigrants.

Thus impelled by racial tradition and constrained by religious principle to keep their blood pure from contaminating intermarriage with other races, the Jewish immigrant communities, whether rich or poor, form a separate island in the sea of the general population. Whether this formation of racial islands is beneficial or otherwise must be judged by the facts. The main point to remember is, that the larger proportion of the immigrants belong to a race and cling to a society that prefers to remain distinct and aloof from the main stream of our national life. Intermarriage is the most powerful, if it be not the only, solvent of racial distinction. Free intermarriage is banned by the Jews. I could fill an octavo volume with evidence as to aloofness, but I will only quote from a letter of Mr. George Dulberg, M.D., printed in the “Jewish Chronicle,” on August 31st, 1900:

“Judaism is not a religion merely, like Catholicism or Protestantism: it is a brotherhood, a race, if you like; and that it will remain as long as there are two Jews left in the whole world. Say what you will, no matter how an English Jew or a German Jew may love and feel for his English or German neighbor, he will have a greater love, a greater sympathy, for another Jew, even if that other Jew may come from the other end of the world.”

The man who has been accustomed to sleep twelve in a room all his life, is in a better position to accept work for which he is

paid sixteen cents a day, working fourteen hours a day, than a man who is accustomed to 400 cubic feet of space, a wage of two dollars a day, and a diet that includes meat, fowl and beer.

With regard to the food absolutely necessary for an American working-man, and the food required by the immigrant Jew, Mr. Seeböhm Rowntree's studies are interesting. According to this gentleman, who has made a special study of the subject, 3,500 calories of food energy* were required as the diet of an ordinary American working-man in moderate work. The minimum cost of this food is 72 cents each per week for adults, and 30 cents each per week for children. The Russian Jews subsist well on half this amount.

What is the effect of introducing into the borough of Stepney, for example, 52,000 foreigners, or another 100,000 into New York, whose diet contains a smaller number than 3,500 calories, which is the minimum required to keep an American working-man in ordinary health?

The Hirsch millions were intended for Jewish colonization, and for the benefit of the distressed Russian Jews now in Palestine. Has not the time arrived to use them?

When the Kishineff massacre occurred, I determined to visit Russia again, in pursuit of the same object that I had in 1897 after the massacres of Schpola and Kantacouzene. The difficulties in the way were enormous, as American public opinion, justly indignant, was articulate in a manner better calculated to increase the sufferings of the Jews in Russia, than to bring Russian statesmen into a reasonable frame of mind.

I had expected to be received by the Emperor. In fact I had left England for the purpose, but on my arrival at St. Petersburg I found that the Emperor was unable to receive me, nominally owing to his numerous engagements. I have since learned that the Emperor's refusal to receive me was based on the fact that his confidence had recently been misplaced, and that a gentleman who undertook not to publish certain statements of the Emperor which he was permitted to hear, communicated them to the press.

I had, however, long interviews with Count Lamsdorff, M. de Plehve, M. Lopoukhine, and Baron de Günsberg, the head of the

* A calory is the heat unit which is produced by raising the temperature of a pound of water one degree Fahrenheit.

Jewish community in Russia and one of the noblest and holiest of men, held in high esteem by Russian statesmen.

The arguments I ventured to place before Russian Ministers, on behalf of the Jewish inhabitants of the zonal provinces, were based on the assumption that the Kishineff massacre is not a Russian domestic question, but one of grave international concern, pressing closely on the laboring classes, male and female, of Great Britain and America. Neither the American Republic nor the British Monarchy desires further Jewish immigration for its own sake. The duty of governments is to protect their own people, and I have little hesitation in declaring that before long—Kishineff notwithstanding—the force of public opinion will compel Mr. Balfour's Government and the Congress at Washington to take further steps to arrest the colonization of congested cities in Britain and America by Polish and Russian immigrants.

What form should that action take on both sides of the Atlantic? Is it to be purely selfish? Shall it be callously indifferent alike to the tragedy of the Pale and the dilemma of Russia? Or is the action of the English-speaking peoples to proceed on the large lines of wisdom and humanity? Surely the latter.

If the Prime Minister of Britain and the President of the United States were, jointly and severally, to address to the Government of Russia an invitation to a conference on the whole Jewish Question—not with the object of placing pressure upon Russia, but with the view of consulting with her on the difficulties of a complex problem which affects the three Powers, but which it is utterly beyond the capacity even of Russia to solve for herself—there is reason to believe that Russia would not sulkenly refuse to entertain the idea. It is true that the situation is delicate, and requires not only adroit and technical diplomacy, but heart and mind and knowledge.

Since 1843, Russia has not enlarged the area available for her Jewish subjects, although the Hebrew population in the zone of the fifteen provinces has quadrupled. The difficulty, however, with Russia, in dealing with the Jewish question is not land, but money; the trouble with England and America is not money, but land. It is even possible that Russia herself might take the initiative and invite the Anglo-Saxon Powers to a Conference. Russia knows how to be magnanimous and to rise to the level of a great occasion.

Where is the money to come from? There are three sources. First, there are the Hirsch millions. These millions should be used for the purpose intended by the Baron—if not in the Argentine, then in Russia or near Russia, as may be decided after inquiry by the three Powers concerned. The status of the Company can be altered. Secondly, there is the vast wealth of the Jewish aristocracy, on both sides of the Atlantic. Thirdly, there is Christendom as the backbone of the scheme for obtaining funds for the ransom of Israel. Our national interests and our individual duty are for once identical. To contribute towards the settlement of the Jewish Question means nothing less than Anglo-American partnership with Russia in a great humanitarian object. This may lead to a closer understanding and friendlier relations between the Powers. No Power can settle the Jewish Question by itself.

We can solve the Jewish Question hand in hand with Russia to-day: to-morrow, it may be too late. There is a claim on Catholic and Protestant, on the Greek Orthodox Church, on the Agnostic, on the Episcopalian, and on the Nonconformist alike. It is a call on the whole human race, in which Russia and the Anglo-Saxons must take the lead, and bear the white man's burden. It is they who must take counsel together.

The main principles of the scheme may be summarized as follows:

1. England and America must examine the question anew, so as to realize that the Russians understand their position as regards the Jews, not as inspired by futile brutality, but as dictated by the first law of nature, self-preservation, and by the duty of rulers towards the majority of their subjects.
2. The Jewish Question is insoluble by any single nation. Even Russia is impotent if she acts alone.
3. The Jewish Question is a world problem, and therefore international in its essence.
4. To solve the Jewish problem a Conference between Russia and the Anglo-Saxon Powers is essential, in order that the problem as it affects each Power may be understood by all the parties concerned before its solution is attempted.
5. The Russo-Anglo-American Conference should adopt the principle that Russia should provide territory and that the other Powers should find capital for the establishment of the redundant

Jewish population now multiplying in the Pale, to their own misery, and the certainty of eventual bloodshed and revolution.

6. The necessary capital should consist:

(a) of the funds of the Jewish Colonization Association as a nucleus:

(b) of the contributions of wealthy Jews, who shall be invited to suspend their generosity to rich nations until the congestion of the Jewish Pale is relieved, and the Jewish problem solved, by the settlement of their co-religionists in territory of adequate size:

(c) of contributions from Christians of all nations, who believe that the race to which their Founder belonged has a positive and primary claim on their charity and their good-will.

All that is asked for to-day is the acceptance of the principle, that civilization is dishonored by the present state of the Jewish Question, and that before a solution is feasible the three great nations must understand the problem. I have reason for saying that the Ministers of the Tsar would not summarily reject proposals for a dispassionate examination of the Jewish Question, if these proposals are made in such a way as to promise the attainment of the object aimed at, viz., the solution of the Jewish Question.

The Memorandum which I have prepared for the perusal of the Tsar is as follows:

MEMORANDUM.

"The question of the Jews has become the burning question of the day. It is a question of international concern. An outbreak of infuriated debtors against their creditors at Kishineff raises rents in the poorer districts of London and New York, by stimulating the emigration of the Jewish subjects of the Russian Emperor.

"In the twentieth century, civilization can no longer resort to the methods of the Middle Ages. Jews can no longer be slain in masses, sold into slavery, or suddenly deprived of their property. Adequate protection to the Jews, however, is difficult even in Russia, because public opinion is too bitterly opposed to them.

"Since the Jewish question is international and of world-wide importance, a Conference between the representatives of the Emperor of Russia, of the President of the United States of America, and of His Majesty King Edward VII., is necessary. For these Powers are jointly interested in the final disposal of an unbearable situation.

"Since 1843, when the Jewish subjects of the Emperor were settled in the fifteen provinces of Russia, their numbers have multiplied fourfold.

The result is that, except in certain *bourgades* in the South of Russia, the poverty and distress of the Russian Jews are acute, and the settlement of emigrants from the Pale in the large cities of Great Britain and America reproduces evils which are apparent to all Russians. The development of further evils may be predicted in the near future.

"By the appointment of a conference between Russia, the United States and Great Britain, to meet in St. Petersburg, with instructions to report to their respective Governments within a reasonable time, say four months, both the Western Powers and Russia would obtain a complete survey of the international situation as affected by the Jewish Question.

"The advantages from such a Conference would be, firstly, recognition by the Powers that the Jewish Question is a matter of international, and not local or national, concern; secondly, that, the interest of the civilized world once concentrated upon the problem, the matter could not be shelved or postponed until a settlement had been discovered; and, thirdly, the conference would be compelled to recognize, as all impartial students of the subject have already done, that the provision of more land, the equipment of agricultural colonies, and the grant of adequate territory within or adjacent to the dominions of the Russian Emperor, are the only methods by which the Jewish Question can be solved.

"The failure of Baron Hirsch's plan is an indication that no individual is strong enough to deal with it. Even Russia is baffled by the immensity of the problem.

"International co-operation is, therefore, necessary. If Russia will provide the land, Christendom should provide the money. Where is it to come from? There are three sources:

"(1) There are the Hirsch millions;

"(2) There are the subscriptions of the wealthy Jews throughout the civilized world;

"(3) There is the appeal to Christendom, which could not fail to produce extraordinary results if every one who bears the name of Christian were to give a piece of silver—some to help Russia in her holy mission of settling the Jewish Question on lines of humanity and justice, and others to benefit the race to which the Founder of Christianity belonged.

"It is plain that the invitation from the Ministers of the Emperor to the Governments of the United States and Great Britain would create an extremely favorable impression on public opinion throughout the civilized world; while, if the initiative were to proceed from any other Power than Russia herself, it might be said by enemies of Russia that she had yielded to the *force majeure* of public opinion. To take the initiative, therefore, in the convocation of a Conference for the discussion of the Jewish Question throughout the world, would place Russia in secure possession of the leadership of the world on this subject, and would establish incontestable proof of her magnanimity and statesmanship.

"In conclusion I would point out that, wherever there is a Jew, there Russia has an enemy. Jewish influence in the Press of the United States, of Great Britain and of the Continent of Europe is directed against Russia. Although Russia is morally and materially self-contained, and de-

pendent on no other nation, the wisdom of ending the Jewish Question is indisputable for financial and diplomatic reasons.

"While no harm would result from such a Conference, the position of Russia in reference to the Jewish Question would be set forth with a strength and clearness that could not be gainsaid.

ARNOLD WHITE."

I have reason to believe that this document, with a memorandum on the whole subject, has also been placed before the President of the United States.

Russians, like Americans, are proud. Gusts of emotion sweep through the land. Threaten Russia, or denounce her Government, and the door of conviction is closed with a clang. But Russia has other moods. She is not wholly represented by M. Pobiedonostseff. I have no authority for saying so, but the impression I have gained from recent conversations with Russian Ministers is, rightly or wrongly, that the Pobiedonostseff methods are no longer found satisfactory. The only influence that can prolong them is the denunciation of the American and British Press.

If, on the other hand, the Great Republic and Great Britain were to hold out their hands to Russia, and say, "Let us see what we can do together to solve this terrible problem of Jewish misery," I have reason to believe that Russia would hold out her hand, and, notwithstanding Manchuria, Persia, Central Asia, India, and the open door, that the Powers might act together in the discovery of a remedy which shall at least alleviate, if it does not cure, the evils of which we are conscious.

The amelioration of the lot of the Jews throughout the world is no fit subject for political ambition. It is the duty of every Christian and of every non-Christian to put aside causes of difference, and to join hands with the object of ending the journeyings of the wandering Jew.

ARNOLD WHITE.

THE SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM.

BY HORACE WHITE.

IN a reply to questions addressed to me by the editor of the *World* some months ago, I said that I could see no need of a School of Journalism. I am, nevertheless, glad that Columbia University has been supplied with the means to establish one. This is not intended as a paradox. Columbia already has the plant and the teaching force for the training of journalists in so far as they can be trained otherwise than by practice; but both the plant and the teaching force are susceptible of improvement. There is no danger that they will be overloaded by the addition of one or two million dollars to the existing resources. If the authorities of Columbia are fit for their places, general culture will receive an impulse from Mr. Pulitzer's donation, and journalism will share therein.

It is quite probable, too, that the existence of this fund, and the stir that it makes in the country, will draw to Columbia more than her usual share of young men who seek to become journalists. Although Harvard or Yale, without a School of Journalism, might conceivably be better equipped to train men for editorial work than Columbia with one, yet the average boy would expect to get from the latter more of the kind of instruction that he wants than from either of the former. Then Columbia, feeling an impulse in this direction, would, no doubt, be spurred to fresh exertions in her departments of political and social science, and whatever else she might regard as most helpful to the editorial mind; and that would be a gain to general culture, including journalism.

I maintain, however, that the university has nothing to teach journalists in the special sense that it has to teach lawyers, physicians, architects and engineers. It can teach the *technique*

of those professions. It cannot teach the *technique* of journalism, except by publishing a newspaper in competition with other newspapers in the same town. If it should attempt to do so, Mr. Pulitzer's money would probably be spent in less time than he took to earn it.

The art of English composition is taught in all universities, colleges, and high schools with more or less success. The desideratum here is not a school of journalism, but a good teacher. After the intending journalist has obtained as much proficiency in writing good English as he can acquire without practice under the goad of the printer's devil, his technical requirements are—what? First of all, a “nose for news.” In this phrase are included the recognition, the valuation, the collection and arrangement of news. Every experienced journalist will agree that a nose for news cannot be cultivated at college. Some other kinds of noses may be, but the one which perceives immediately what kind of news the public is most eager to read, and knows offhand how to get it and present it in an attractive way—that is something which can be trained only in a newspaper office. There are differences of scent between trained newspaper men as marked as between different breeds of dogs, and the demand for journalists who are both highly gifted and highly trained in this particular, is great and increasing; but such men have never been made at college, and never will be.

What are the other technicalities of journalism? I can think of none except phonography, typewriting, and proof-reading. I have never met an editor-in-chief who was a shorthand writer. My colleague, Edwin L. Godkin, used a typewriter in the composition of editorials in his later years, but he learned the art at his own home in his leisure hours. Anybody can learn the technical part of proof-reading in two hours, although practice is needed to acquire rapidity and accuracy. Columbia would no more think of embracing these things in her curriculum than she would of establishing a chair of head-lines, a chair of interviews, or a chair of “scoops.”

In their academic departments, all the colleges and universities of the country are schools of journalism, some having larger and better equipment for this task than others, just as some have larger libraries and laboratories than others. They are all supplying, in greater or less measure, the training that young men

need to improve their keenness and breadth of vision, and to enable them to judge of the value of evidence (which J. S. Mill considered the chief object of education), and to express their thoughts in good English. It is not a new kind of training that Columbia will introduce in her School of Journalism, but a betterment of the kind she already gives. She could do nothing different even if Mr. Pulitzer's gift were ten times as great as it is. The fundamentals of journalism are those which we have in mind when we say that Mr. So-and-So is a gentleman and a scholar; and it is only fundamentals which the university can supply.

Of course, some ways of using the money will be better than others, and here, perhaps, a leaf out of my own experience may be useful. I entered journalism in 1854. I had received the college education in vogue at that time. It included Latin and Greek, in which I was fairly well grounded, and which I have always found useful. It did not include English. At that time English was supposed to be born, not made. This was the opinion of educators in Columbia as well as in Beloit. No college at that time gave courses in English, so far as I can discover. This was a serious defect, but it was supplemented in my case by incessant drilling in the Old and New Testaments, administered as religious, not as literary, exercises, and even more at home and in Sunday-school than in the college. It was well for me that I had this training, for I consider the English Bible the best instrument for instruction in the English tongue that exists to-day, and the best guide to the acquirement of good style of composition; yet it did not make up for the lack of Shakespeare, Milton, Burke, Goldsmith and the other English classics. It did not supply the place of a good teacher of English rhetoric and literature. Columbia is well equipped in this department, and all I need say further under this head is that it should constitute the groundwork of a journalist's training.

The next serious defect in my early education was a want of acquaintance with the science of law. I gained some notions of Roman law from Cicero's orations and moral works, but only incidentally. The only law book that entered into my curriculum was Story on the Constitution. This was good as far as it went, but it was not the bed-rock that I needed. I found myself much hampered by ignorance of the English common law, which I

sought to repair by reading Kent's Commentaries, in the intervals of daily journalistic work. I thus came to know where to look for further instruction in special branches of law, as occasion required. I should recommend as an important part of a journalist's training, not only the doses of Roman law, constitutional law and international law which all universities now supply, but also a good draught of English common law.

I was well grounded in political economy (as the science then existed) by President Chapin of Beloit, himself a keen thinker and clear writer on that subject. What I acquired in college, however, was a due appreciation of economics as part of an editor's furnishings, rather than multifarious cramming. The only books I saw in college were those of Wayland and J. B. Say, the former as a text-book, the latter for private reading; but very little has appeared in books or magazines since that time that I have not mastered, or tested by sample. This I have found necessary in order to give advice to my readers on the numberless problems, of an economic sort, that are constantly arising in public affairs. Columbia is strong on the economic side and will doubtless so continue.

Neither political science nor history was taught in my college years. Greek and Roman history I had in abundance as part of my classical training; but modern history we were supposed to acquire, as we acquired English literature, by induced currents rather than direct contact. Neither sociology nor psychology existed then, although phrenology and mesmerism were much in evidence. Since my graduation, a whole troop of sciences have pushed forward which may justly claim a place in the young journalist's curriculum; and here is room for sound judgment, and discrimination on the part of Columbia's committee on organization. Their aim should be to make a gentleman and a scholar in every case, and leave him to learn journalism afterwards by practice.

How to produce the scholar for journalism has been sufficiently indicated. How to produce the gentleman is something different and not always attainable. The formation of character begins earlier than college life, but continues through it and long after. It does not end while life lasts. American colleges and universities without exception do aim to give their students correct moral, as well as intellectual, training. They do strive to make them

good citizens. Now, the high-minded man and good citizen will be such in all times and places, whatever be his walk in life. The same rules will govern him in the editorial chair, or at the reporter's desk, that would govern him in the pulpit or in the counting-room. Lectureships have been established in some institutions lately on the duties of the citizen. These are to be commended, but they apply to all trades and professions as fully as to journalism.

The question arises at this point, why are there so many black sheep in journalism? Why so many "fakes"? Why is the epidemic of "yellow journalism" so prevalent? This phrase is applied to newspapers which delight in sensations, crime, scandal, smut, funny pictures, caricatures and malicious or frivolous gossip about persons and things of no public concern. When I entered journalism, the press of the country, with only one exception that I can now recall, was clean, dignified and sober-minded. It had various aims in life, aims political, literary, scientific, social, religious, reformatory and mixed, which were deemed by the conductors of the papers advantageous to the common weal. To make money by pandering to the vices and follies of the community, and thus adding to the mass of vice and folly, was generally unthinkable.

The yellow journalist, when somebody remonstrates against his practices, says that the fault lies with the public taste; that he merely gives the people what they want. This means that he has made experiments on the public appetite, and has found that he can get more dollars by spreading folly and foulness through the community than by publishing decent news in a decent way. In like manner, others have found that they can make more money by keeping pool rooms and disorderly houses than by following the plough or sawing wood. Yet when we have said this—when we have heaped anathemas on the head of the yellow journalist—we have not advanced an inch toward betterment. We stand confronted with the fact that it pays to publish this kind of newspaper, and that, as long as it pays, this kind of newspaper will be published. I once believed that people would soon tire of such vulgarity and nonsense, and that yellow journalism would cease for want of a market, but I confess that I do not yet see any natural law in operation to check its desolating career. On the other hand, I do see that the public takes less interest in thought-

ful discussions of serious questions in the press than it did when I first entered the profession. The reason is that it gets less of it. Mental activity grows by what it feeds on. If the thinking faculty is not kept in practice, it falls into noxious desuetude.

The vice which consists in making newspapers marketable rather than good is not wholly confined to the yellow journals. It is found in a tendency to eschew "heaviness" of all kinds; to avoid articles which require thought to produce and to appreciate; and especially to steer clear of all blizzards and fog-banks of public opinion which might temporarily chill the circulation. This spirit is found in very respectable newspapers. Their aim is to be light, breezy and picturesque, perhaps grotesque, and to give offence to nobody. "Modern journalism," says Mr. E. L. Shuman in an acute and valuable work,* "has higher rewards for those who can amuse than for those whose main object is to instruct." The bad rich press and the timid rich press are like King Stork and King Log to the frog community. In saying this I do not lose sight of some fine examples of the independent press, which still flourish; but I affirm that the press of fifty years ago was, as a whole, stronger intellectually, more influential and more respected than the press is now, although, in the mere matter of news-gathering, it was as inferior to the press of to-day as a blacksmith's forge is to the Carnegie steel works.

I chanced the other day to pick up the "Recollections" of the actor Stoddart, containing an Introduction by William Winter, who says therein that "in acting, as well as in literature, fine and substantial things—things having in them the grandeur of noble truth and the fire of genial passion—were more frequent forty or fifty years ago than they are now. The actor of the old school," he continues, "was an actor thoroughly grounded in his profession, trained by experience, equipped at all points, able to do many things well and some things brilliantly, and, whatever may have been his defects, solid and stable in character, moderate in self-confidence and usually modest in the conduct of life." I agree with Mr. Winter in this. The editor and the actor of half a century ago were keyed to the same pitch, and I cannot help asking myself whether the decadence of the press has not had something to do with the decadence of the stage. The people take the kind of newspaper that is given to them, and nine-tenths of

* "Practical Journalism," by E. L. Shuman, New York, 1903.

them are unconsciously cast in its mould. If it is mentally enervating and silly, they will be so; if it is yellow, they will reflect the same hue.

The sum and substance of my theme is, that yellow journalism exists because it pays and that it pays because it exists. How to disable this machine of perpetual motion is the greatest problem that confronts our social philosophers. It exceeds in importance the Philippine question, or the race question, or the municipal government question. It includes all these and much more. I have seen the American people recover their balance in many fearful crises, when they seemed on the point of toppling over; but I can imagine one in which the Republic might receive great detriment without the people knowing what hurt them, or even knowing that they were hurt. If such a calamity comes it will come through bad journalism, not a subsidized press but a brain-softening press, such as we have now in large and growing measure.

"It is well to remember," says Mr. Shuman, "that the editorial department is dwindling, while the great currents of life that sweep nightly through the reportorial departments are increasing yearly." It is a fact that good political writers are scarcer now than they were fifty years ago. It is harder to obtain them now than then, harder now than at any other time in my experience. The colleges are sending out larger numbers of graduates and more highly-trained ones, yet the number seeking positions as editorial writers, and qualified, or showing aptitude, therefor is smaller than it has ever been in my time. There must be a reason for this. Among the drolleries of the day I saw not long ago a question and answer like the following: "Why are good cooks and waitresses so scarce?" "Because they are engaged in writing stories for the magazines. It pays better."

In all branches of personal service, demand and supply usually keep in close touch with each other, and this is especially true of intellectual service. If the supply of good editorial writers has fallen off, it must be because the demand has fallen off, and this, I believe, is the truth. I mean the kind of demand that calls into being an effective and regular supply. No self-respecting youth will prepare himself for future connection with a yellow journal; and, in general, the number who will prepare for newspaper work will be governed by the aspect in which journalism daily presents itself to their eyes. What are the most prominent

features of journalism to-day? They are pictures, head-lines, color scheme, job type, sports, gossip. Is it any wonder that the bright young men, those who feel "growing pains" for high achievement and growing hope for distinction therein, are repelled from a profession which presents itself to them in such harlequin garb? But that is not all. In order that there may be a steady supply of good editorial writers, there must be both a congenial field for them to work in and a sufficient fund to pay them. But the money formerly destined for the editorial writer now goes to the cartoonist, the artist reporter, and the color schemer. Does any one ask why good editorial writers are so scarce nowadays? May they not be employed as waiters at hotels and restaurants, finding the occupation there more congenial and the pay more regular?

To make good journalists is not difficult. The raw material abounds and the tools are not deficient. But to do noble work of preparation they must see a field of labor worthy of noble minds. Show them an arena where the highest merit will win the highest prize, as in law, medicine and engineering, and the arena will soon be vocal with the *gaudium certaminis*.

HORACE WHITE.

THE LYNCHING OF NEGROES—ITS CAUSE AND ITS PREVENTION.

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

IN dealing with this question the writer wishes to be understood as speaking not of the respectable and law-abiding element among the negroes, who unfortunately are so often confounded with the body of the race from which come most of the malefactors. To say that negroes furnish most of the ravishers is not to say that all negroes are rapists.

The crime of lynching in this country has, at one time or another, become so frequent that it has aroused the interest of the whole people, and has even arrested the attention of people in other countries. It has usually been caused by the boldness with which crime was committed by lawbreakers, and the inefficiency of the law in dealing with them through its regular forms. Such, for instance, were the acts of the Vigilantes in California in the old days, and such have been the acts of the Vigilantes in other sections of the country at times. In these cases, there has always been a form of trial, which, however hasty, was conclusive on the essential points, of the commission of the crime, the identification of the prisoner, the sentence of "Judge Lynch"—that is, of the mob—and the orderly execution of that sentence. And, in such cases, most persons cognizant of all the conditions and circumstances have found some justification for this "wild justice."

Lynching, however, has never before been so common, nor has it existed over so extended a region as of late years in the South. And it has aroused more feeling outside of that section than was aroused formerly by the work of the Vigilantes. This feeling has undoubtedly been due mainly to the belief, that the lynching has been directed almost exclusively against the negroes; though

a part has, perhaps, come from the supposition that the laws were entirely effective, and that, consequently, the lynching of negroes has been the result of irrational hostility or of wanton cruelty. Thus, the matter is, to some extent, complicated by a latent idea that it has a political complexion.

This is the chief ground of complaint in the utterances of the negroes themselves and also of a considerable part of the outside press. And, indeed, for a good while, the lynching of negroes appeared to be confined to the South, though lynching of whites was by no means the monopoly of that section, as may be recalled by those familiar with the history of Indiana and some of the other Northwestern States.

Of late, however, several revolting instances of lynching of negroes in its most dreadful form, burning at the stake, have occurred in regions where hitherto such forms of barbarous punishment have been unknown; and the time appears to be ripe for some efficient concert of action, to eradicate what is recognized by cool heads as a serious menace to our civilization.

In discussing the means to put an end to this barbarity, the first essential is that the matter shall be clearly and thoroughly understood.

The ignorance shown by much of the discussion that has grown out of these lynchings would appear to justify plain speaking.

All thoughtful men know that respect for law is the basic principle of civilization, and are agreed as to the evil of any over-riding of the law. All reasonable men know that the over-riding of law readily creates a spirit of lawlessness, under which progress is retarded and civilization suffers and dwindles. This is as clearly recognized at the South as at the North. To overcome this conviction and stir up rational men to a pitch where the law is trampled under foot, the officers of the law are attacked, and their prisoner taken from them and executed, there must be some imperative cause.

And yet the record of such over-riding of law in the past has been a terrible one.

The *Chicago Tribune* has for some time been collecting statistics on the subject of lynching, and the following table taken from that paper, showing the number of lynchings for a series of years, is assumed to be fairly accurate:

THE LYNCHING OF NEGROES.

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1885	184	1895	171
1886	188	1896	181
1887	122	1897	166
1888	142	1898	127
1889	176	1899	107
1890	127	1900	115
1891	192	1901	135
1892	235	1902	96
1893	200	1903 (to Sept. 14, eight and a	
1894	190	half months)	76

Total lynchings.	Whites.	Negroes.	In the South.	In the North.
1900	115	8	107	8
1901	135	26	107	14
1902	96	9	86	9
1903 (to Sept. 14)	76	13	63	10

Causes Assigned.

	1900.	1901.*	1902.†	1903.
Murder	39	39	37	32
Rape	18	19	19	8
Attempted rape	13	9	11	5
Race prejudice	10	9	2	3
Assaulting whites	6	—	3	3
Threats to kill	5	—	1	—
Burglary	4	1	—	—
Attempt to murder	4	9	4	6
Informing	2	—	—	—
Robbery	2	12	1	—
Complicity in murder	2	6	3	5
Rape and murder	—	—	—	1
Suspicion of murder	2	3	1	3
Suspicion of robbery	1	—	—	—
No offence	1	—	—	—
Arson	2	4	—	—
Suspicion of arson	1	—	—	—
Aiding escape of murderer	1	—	1	—
Insulting a white woman	—	1	—	—
Cattle and horse stealing	—	7	1	—
Quarrel over profit-sharing	—	5	—	—
Suspicion of rape	—	1	—	—
Suspicion of rape and murder	—	1	—	—
Unknown offences	2	6	—	4
Mistaken identity	—	1	1	3

NOTE.—The lynchings in the various States and Territories in 1900 were as follows:

Alabama	8	New York	0
Arkansas	6	Nevada	0
California	0	North Carolina	3
Colorado	3	North Dakota	0
Connecticut	0	Ohio	0
Delaware	0	Oregon	0
Florida	9	Pennsylvania	0
Georgia	16	Rhode Island	0
Idaho	0	South Carolina	2
Illinois	0	South Dakota	0
Indiana	3	Tennessee	7
Iowa	0	Texas	4
Kansas	2	Vermont	0
Kentucky	1	Virginia	6
Louisiana	20	West Virginia	2
Maine	0	Wisconsin	0
Maryland	1	Washington	0
Massachusetts	0	Wyoming	0
Michigan	0	Arizona	0
Minnesota	0	District of Columbia	0
Mississippi	20	New Mexico	0
Missouri	2	Utah	0
Montana	0	Indian Territory	0
Nebraska	0	Oklahoma	0
New Jersey	0	Alaska	0
New Hampshire	0		

* In 1901 one Indian and one Chinaman lynched.

† In 1902 one Indian lynched.

From these tables certain facts may be deduced. The first is that, in the year of which an analysis is given (1900), over nine-tenths of the lynchings occurred in the South, where only about one-third of the population of the country were, but where nine-tenths of the negroes were; secondly, that, of these lynchings, about nine-tenths were of negroes and one-third were in the three States where the negroes are most numerous; thirdly, that, while the lynchings appear to be diminishing at the South, the ratio, at least, is increasing at the North.

It further appears that, though lynching began as a punishment for assault on white women, it has extended until less than one-fourth of the instances are for this crime, while over three-fourths of them are for murder, attempts at murder, or some less heinous offence. This may be accounted for, in part, by the fact that the murders in the South partake somewhat of the nature of race-conflicts.

Over 2,700 lynchings in eighteen years are enough to stagger the mind. Either we are relapsing into barbarism, or there is some terrific cause for our reversion to the methods of mediævalism, and our laws are inefficient to meet it. The only gleam of light is that, of late years, the number appears to have diminished.

To get at the remedy, we must first get at the cause.

Time was when the crime of assault was unknown throughout the South. During the whole period of slavery, it did not exist, nor did it exist to any considerable extent for some years after Emancipation. During the War, the men were away in the army, and the negroes were the loyal guardians of the women and children. On isolated plantations and in lonely neighborhoods, women were as secure as in the streets of Boston or New York.

Then came the period and process of Reconstruction, with its teachings. Among these was the teaching that the negro was the equal of the white, that the white was his enemy, and that he must assert his equality. The growth of the idea was a gradual one in the negro's mind. This was followed by a number of cases where members of the negro militia ravished white women; in some instances in the presence of their families.*

The result of the hostility between the Southern whites and Government at that time was to throw the former upon their own

* For outrages in Arkansas, see "Brooks-Baxter War."

acts for their defence or revenge, with a consequent training in lawless punishment of acts which should have been punished by law. And here lynching had its evil origin.

It was suggested some time ago, in a thoughtful paper read by Professor Wilcox, that a condition something like this had its rise in France during the religious wars.

The first instance of rape, outside of these attacks by armed negroes, and of consequent lynching, that attracted the attention of the country was a case which occurred in Mississippi, where the teaching of equality and of violence found one of its most fruitful fields. A negro dragged a woman down into the woods and, tying her, kept her bound there a prisoner for several days, when he butchered her. He was caught and was lynched.

With the resumption of local power by the whites came the temporary and partial ending of the crimes of assault and of lynching.

As the old relation, which had survived even the strain of Reconstruction, dwindled with the passing of the old generation from the stage, and the "New Issue" with the new teaching took its place, the crime broke out again with renewed violence. The idea of equality began to percolate more extensively among the negroes. In evidence of it is the fact that since the assaults began again they have been chiefly directed against the plainer order of people, instances of attacks on women of the upper class, though not unknown, being of rare occurrence.*

Conditions in the South render the commission of this crime peculiarly easy. The white population is sparse, the forests are extensive, the officers of the law distant and difficult to reach; but, above all, the negro population has appeared inclined to condone the fact of mere assault.

Twenty-five years ago, women went unaccompanied and unafraid throughout the South, as they still go throughout the North. To-day, no white woman, or girl, or female child, goes alone out of sight of the house except on necessity; and no man leaves his wife alone in his house, if he can help it. Cases have occurred of assault and murder in broad day, within sight and sound of the victim's home. Indeed, an instance occurred not a

* It is significant that, on large plantations where the negroes, though in large numbers, are still in the position of old plantation servants, the crime of assault is unknown.

great while ago in the District of Columbia, within a hundred yards of a fashionable drive, when, about three o'clock of a bright June day, a young girl was attacked within sight and sound of her house, and when she screamed her throat was cut. So near to her home was the spot that her mother and an officer, hearing her cries, reached her before life was extinct.

For a time, the ordinary course of the law was, in the main, relied on to meet the trouble; but it was found that, notwithstanding the inevitable infliction of the death penalty, several evils resulted therefrom. The chief one was that the ravishing of women, instead of diminishing, steadily increased. The criminal, under the ministrations of his preachers, usually professed to have "gotten religion," and from the shadow of the gallows called on his friends to follow him to glory. So that the punishment lost to these emotional people much of its deterrent force, especially where the real sympathy of the race was mainly with the criminal rather than with his victim. Another evil was the dreadful necessity of calling on the innocent victim, who, if she survived, as she rarely did, was already bowed to the earth by shame, to relate in public the story of the assault—an ordeal which was worse than death. Yet another was the delay in the execution of the law. With these, however, was one other which, perhaps, did more than all the rest together to wrest the trial and punishment from the Courts and carry them out by mob-violence. This was the unnamable brutality with which the causing crime was, in nearly every case, attended. The death of the victim of the ravisher was generally the least of the attendant horrors. In Texas, in Mississippi, in Georgia, in Kentucky, in Colorado, as later in Delaware, the facts in the case were so unspeakable that they have never been put in print. They could not be put in print. It is these unnamable horrors which have outraged the minds of those who live in regions where they have occurred, and where they may at any time occur again, and, upsetting reason, have swept from their bearings cool men and changed them into madmen, drunk with the lust of revenge.

Not unnaturally, such barbarity as burning at the stake has shocked the sense of the rest of the country, and, indeed, of the world. But it is well for the rest of the country, and for the world, to know that it has also shocked the sense of the South,

and, in their calmer moments, even the sense of those men who, in their frenzy, have been guilty of it. Only, a deeper shock than even this is at the bottom of their ferocious rage—the shock which comes from the ravishing and butchery of their women and children.

It is not necessary to be an apologist for barbarity because one states with bluntness the cause. The stern underlying principle of the people who commit these barbarities is one that has its root deep in the basic passions of humanity; the determination to put an end to the ravishing of their women by an inferior race, no matter what the consequence.

For a time, a speedy execution by hanging was the only mode of retribution resorted to by the lynchers; then, when this failed of its purpose, a more savage method was essayed, born of a savage fury at the failure of the first, and a stern resolve to strike a deeper terror into those whom the other method had failed to awe.

The following may serve as an illustration. Ten or twelve years ago, the writer lectured one afternoon in the early spring in a town in the cotton-belt of Texas—one of the prettiest towns in the Southwest. The lecture was delivered in the Court-house. The writer was introduced by a gentleman who had been a member of the Confederate Cabinet and a Senator of the United States, and the audience was composed of refined and cultured people, representing, perhaps, every State from Maine to Texas.

Two days later, the papers contained the account of the burning at the stake in this town of a negro. He had picked up a little girl of five or six years of age on the street where she was playing in front of her home, and carried her off, telling her that her mother had sent him for her; and when she cried, he had soothed her with candy which, with deliberate prevision, he had bought for the purpose. When she was found, she was unrecognizable. With her little body broken and mangled, he had cut her throat and thrown her into a ditch.

A strong effort was made to save him for the law, but without avail: the people had reverted to the primal law of vengeance. Farmers came from fifty miles to see that vengeance was exacted. They had resolved to strike terror into the breasts of all, so that such a crime could never occur again. This was, perhaps, the second or third instance of burning in the country.

Of late, lynching at the stake has spread beyond the region where it has such reason for existence as may be given by the conditions that prevail in the South. Three frightful instances by burning have occurred recently in Northern States, in communities where some of these conditions were partly wanting. The horror of the main fact of lynching was increased, in two of the cases, by a concerted attack on a large element of the negro population which was wholly innocent. Even the unoffending negroes were driven from their homes, a consequence which has never followed in the South, where it might seem there was more occasion for it.

It thus appears that the original crime, and also the consequent one in its most brutal form, are not confined to the South, and, possibly, are only more frequent there because of the greater number of negroes in that section. The deep racial instincts are not limited by geographical bounds.

These last-mentioned lynchings were so ferocious, and so unwarranted by any such necessity, real or fancied, as may be thought to exist at the South by reason of the frequency of assault and the absence of a strong police force, that they not unnaturally called forth almost universal condemnation. The President felt it proper to write an open letter, commending the action of the Governor of Indiana on the proper and efficient exercise of his authority to uphold the law and restore order in his State. But who has ever thought it necessary to commend the Governors of the Southern States under similar circumstances? The militia of some of the Southern States are almost veterans, so frequently have they been called on to protect wretches whose crimes stank in the nostrils of all decent men. The Governor of Virginia boasted, a few years ago, that no lynching should take place during his incumbency, and he nearly made good his boast; though, to do so, he had to call out at one time or another almost the entire force of the State.

Editorials in some of the Eastern papers note with astonishment recent instances where law-officers in the South have protected their prisoners or eluded a mob. The writers of these editorials know so little of the South that one is scarcely surprised at their ignorance. But men are hanged by law for this crime of assault every few months in some State in the South. A few years ago, Sheriff Smith, of Birmingham, protected a mur-

derer at the cost of many lives; a little later, Mayor Prout, of Roanoke, defended a negro ravisher and murderer, and, though the mob finally succeeded in their aim, six men were killed by the guards before the jail was carried. These are only two of the many instances in which brave and faithful officers have, at the risk of their lives, defended their charges against that most terrible of all assailants—a determined mob.*

For a time, the assaults by negroes were confined to young women who were caught alone in solitary and secluded places. The company even of a child was sufficient to protect them. Then the ravishers grew bolder, and attacks followed on women when they were in company. And then, not content with this, the ravishers began to attack women in their own homes. Sundry instances of this have occurred within the last few years. As an illustration, may be cited the notorious case of Samuel Hose, who, after making a bet with a negro preacher that he could have access

* The following table is from the *Chicago Tribune*. The number of legal executions in 1900 was 118, as compared with 131 in 1899, 109 in 1898, 128 in 1897, 122 in 1896, 132 in 1895, 132 in 1894, 126 in 1893, and 107 in 1892. The executions in the several States and Territories were in 1900 as follows:

Alabama	4	New York	3
Arkansas	0	Nevada	0
California	5	North Carolina	9
Colorado	0	North Dakota	1
Connecticut	1	Ohio	1
Delaware	0	Oregon	1
Florida	1	Pennsylvania	15
Georgia	14	Rhode Island	0
Idaho	2	South Carolina	3
Illinois	0	South Dakota	0
Indiana	0	Tennessee	4
Iowa	0	Texas	18
Kansas	0	Vermont	0
Kentucky	0	Virginia	7
Louisiana	6	West Virginia	0
Maine	0	Wisconsin	0
Maryland	3	Wyoming	0
Massachusetts	0	Washington	2
Michigan	0	Arizona	4
Minnesota	0	District of Columbia	3
Mississippi	1	New Mexico	0
Missouri	3	Utah	0
Montana	3	Indian Territory	0
Nebraska	0	Oklahoma	0
New Jersey	4	Alaska	0
New Hampshire	0		

There were 80 hanged in the South and 39 in the North, of whom 60 were whites, 58 were blacks, and one a Chinaman. The crimes for which they were executed were: murder, 113; rape, 5; arson, 1. Thus, of the 119 hangings, about two-thirds (80) were in the South and one-third (39) in the North; about one-half (60) of the entire number were of whites, and one-half (58) were of blacks. So, the South appears to have done its part in the matter of punishing by law as well as by violence.

to a white woman, went into a farmer's house while the family, father, mother and child, were at supper; brained the man with his axe; threw the child into a corner with a violence which knocked it senseless, and ravished the wife and mother with unnamable horrors, butchered her and bore away with him the indisputable proof of having won his wager. He was caught and was burnt.

Another instance, only less appalling, occurred two years ago in Lynchburg, Virginia, where the colored janitor of a white female school, who had been brought up and promoted by the Superintendent of Schools, and was regarded as a shining example of what education might accomplish with his race, entered the house of a respectable man one morning, after the husband, who was a foreman in a factory, had gone to his work; ravished the wife, and, then putting his knee on her breast, coolly cut her throat as he might have done a calf's. There was no attempt at lynching; but the Governor, resolved to preserve the good name of the commonwealth, felt it necessary to order out two regiments of soldiers, in which course he was sustained by the entire sentiment of the State.

These cases were neither worse nor better than many of those which have occurred in the South in the last twenty years, and in that period hundreds of women and a number of children have been ravished and slain.

Now, how is this crime of assault to be stopped? For stopped it must be, and stopped it will be, whatever the cost. One proposition is that separation of the races, complete separation, is the only remedy. The theory appears Utopian. Colonization has been the dream of certain philanthropists for a hundred years. And, meantime, the negroes have increased from less than a million to nine millions. They will never be deported; not because we have not the money, for an amount equal to that spent in pensions during three years would pay the expenses of such deportation, and an amount equal to that paid in six years would set them up in a new country. But the negroes have rights; many of them are estimable citizens; and even the body of them, when well regulated, are valuable laborers. It might, therefore, as well be assumed that this plan will never be carried out, unless the occasion becomes so imperative that all other rights give way to the supreme right of necessity.

It is plain, then, that we must deal with the matter in a more practicable manner, accepting conditions as they are, and applying to them legal methods which will be effective. Lynching does not end ravishing, and that is the prime necessity. Most right-thinking men are agreed as to this. Indeed, lynching, through lacking the supreme principle of law, the deliberateness from which is supposed to come the certainty of identification, fails utterly to meet the necessity of the case even as a deterrent. Not only have assaults occurred again and again in the same neighborhood where lynching has followed such crime; but, a few years ago, it was publicly stated that a negro who had just witnessed a lynching for this crime actually committed an assault on his way home. However this may be, lynching as a remedy is a ghastly failure; and its brutalizing effect on the community is incalculable.

The charge that is often made, that the innocent are sometimes lynched, has little foundation. The rage of a mob is not directed against the innocent, but against the guilty; and its fury would not be satisfied with any other sacrifice than the death of the real criminal. Nor does the criminal merit any consideration, however terrible the punishment. The real injury is to the perpetrators of the crime of destroying the law, and to the community in which the law is slain.

It is pretty generally conceded that the "law's delay" is partly responsible for the "wild justice" of mob vengeance, and this has undoubtedly been the cause of many mobs. But it is far from certain if any change in the methods of administration of law will effect the stopping of lynching; while to remedy this evil we may bring about a greater peril. Trial by jury is the bed-rock of our liberties, and the inherent principle of such trial is its deliberateness. It has been said that the whole purpose of the Constitution of Great Britain is that twelve men may sit in the jury-box. The methods of the law may well be reformed; but any movement should be jealously scanned which touches the chief barrier of all liberty. The first step, then, would appear to be the establishment of a system securing a reasonably prompt trial and speedy execution by law, rather than a wholesale revolution of the existing system.

Many expedients have been suggested; some of the most drastic by Northern men. One of them proposed, not long since, that

to meet the mob-spirit, a trial somewhat in the nature of a drum-head court-martial might be established by law, by which the accused may be tried and, if found guilty, executed immediately. Others have proposed as a remedy emasculation by law; while a Justice of the Supreme Court has recently given the weight of his personal opinion in favor of prompt trial and the abolishment of appeals in such cases. Even the terrible suggestion has been made that burning at the stake might be legalized!

These suggestions testify how grave the matter is considered to be by those who make them.

But none of these, unless it be the one relating to emasculation, is more than an expedient. The trouble lies deeper. The crime of lynching is not likely to cease until the crime of ravishing and murdering women and children is less frequent than it has been of late. And this crime, which is well-nigh wholly confined to the negro race, will not greatly diminish until the negroes themselves take it in hand and stamp it out.

From recent developments, it may be properly inferred that the absence of this crime during the period of Slavery was due more to the feeling among the negroes themselves than to any repressive measures on the part of the whites. The negro had the same animal instincts in Slavery that he exhibits now; the punishment that follows the crime now is as certain, as terrible, and as swift as it could have been then. So, to what is due the alarming increase of this terrible brutality?

To the writer it appears plain that it is due to two things: first, to racial antagonism and to the talk of social equality, from which it first sprang, that inflames the ignorant negro, who has grown up unregulated and undisciplined; and, secondly, to the absence of a strong restraining public opinion among the negroes of any class, which alone can extirpate the crime. In the first place, the negro does not generally believe in the virtue of women. It is beyond his experience. He does not generally believe in the existence of actual assault. It is beyond his comprehension. In the next place, his passion, always his controlling force, is now, since the new teaching, for the white woman.*

That there are many negroes who are law-abiding and whose influence is for good, no one who knows the worthy members of

* See "The American Negro," by William Hannibal Thomas, pp. 65, 177.

the race, those who represent the better element, will deny. But while there are, of course, notable exceptions, they are not often of the "New Issue," nor even generally among the prominent leaders: those who publish papers and control conventions.

As the crime of rape had its baleful origin in the teaching of equality and the placing of power in the ignorant negroes' hands, so its perpetration and increase have undoubtedly been due in large part to the same teaching. The intelligent negro may understand what social equality truly means; but to the ignorant and brutal young negro, it signifies but one thing: the opportunity to enjoy, equally with white men, the privilege of cohabiting with white women. This the whites of the South understand; and if it were understood abroad, it would serve to explain some things which have not been understood hitherto. It will explain, in part, the universal and furious hostility of the South to even the least suggestion of social equality.

A close following of the instances of rape and lynching, and the public discussion consequent thereon, has led the writer to the painful realization that even the leaders of the negro race—at least, those who are prominent enough to hold conventions and write papers on the subject—have rarely, by act or word, shown a true appreciation of the enormity of the crime of ravishing and murdering women. Their discussion and denunciation have been almost invariably and exclusively devoted to the crime of lynching. Underlying most of their protests is the suggestion, that the victim of the mob is innocent and a martyr. Now and then, there is a mild generalization on the evil of lawbreaking and the violation of women; but, for one stern word of protest against violating women and cutting their throats, the records of negro meetings will show many against the attack of the mob on the criminal. And, as to any serious and determined effort to take hold of and stamp out the crime that is blackening the entire negro race to-day, and arousing against them the fatal and possibly the undying enmity of the stronger race, there is, with the exception of the utterances of a few score individuals like Booker Washington, who always speaks for the right, Hannibal Thomas and Bishop Turner, hardly a trace of such a thing. A crusade has been preached against lynching, even as far as England; but none has been thought of against the ravishing and tearing to pieces of white women and children.

Happily, there is an element of sound-minded, law-abiding negroes, representative of the old negro, who without parade stand for good order, and do what they can to repress lawlessness among their people. But for this class and the kindly relations which are preserved between them and the whites, the situation in the South would long since have become unbearable. These, however, are not generally among the leaders, and, unfortunately, their influence is not sufficiently extended to counteract the evil influences which are at work with such fatal results.

One who reads the utterances of negro orators and preachers on the subject of lynching, and who knows the negro race, cannot doubt that, at bottom, their sympathy is generally with the "victim" of the mob, and not with his victim.

Until the negroes shall create among themselves a sound public opinion which, instead of fostering, shall reprobate and sternly repress the crime of assaulting women and children, the crime will never be extirpated, and until this crime is stopped the crime of lynching will never be extirpated. Lynching will never be done away with while the sympathy of the whites is with the lynchers, and no more will ravishing be done away with while the sympathy of the negroes is with the ravisher. When the negroes shall stop applying all their energies to harboring and defending negroes, no matter what their crime so it be against the whites, and shall distinguish between the law-abiding negro and the law-breaker, a long step will have been taken.

Should the negroes sturdily and faithfully set themselves to prevent the crime of rape by members of that race, it could be stamped out. Should the whites set themselves against lynching, lynching would be stopped. The remedy then is plain. Let the negroes take charge of the crime of ravishing and firmly put it away from them, and let the whites take charge of the crime of lynching and put it away from them. It is time that the races should address themselves to the task; for it is with nations as with individual men; whatsoever they sow that shall they also reap.

It is the writer's belief that the arrest and the prompt handing over to the law of negroes by negroes, for assault on white women, would do more to break up ravishing, and to restore amicable relations between the two races, than all the resolutions of all the Conventions and all the harangues of all the politicians.

It has been tried in various States to put an end to lynching by making the county in which the lynching occurs liable in damages for the crime. It is a good theory; and, if it has not worked well, it is because of the difficulty of executing the provision. Could some plan be devised to array each race against the crime to which it is prone, both rape and lynching might be diminished, if not wholly prevented.

The practical application of such a principle is difficult, but, perhaps, it is not impossible. It is possible that in every community negroes might be appointed officers of the law, to look exclusively after lawbreakers of their own race. The English in the East manage such matters well, under equally complicated and delicate conditions. For example, in the Island of Malta, where the population are of different classes among whom a certain jealousy exists, there are several classes of police: the naval police, the military police, and the civil or municipal police. To each of these is assigned more especially the charge of one of the three classes of whom the population of the Island is composed. Again, in Hong Kong, where the situation is even more delicate, there are several classes of police: the English, the Chinese, and the Indian police. Only the first are empowered to make general arrests; the others have powers relating exclusively to the good order of the races to which they belong, though they may in all cases be called in to assist the English police.

Somewhat in the same way, the negroes might be given within their province powers sufficiently full to enable them to keep order among their people, and they might on the other hand be held to a certain accountability for such good order. It might even be required that every person should be listed and steadily kept track of, as is done in Germany at present. The recent vagrant laws of Georgia, where there are more negroes than in the entire North, are an attempt in this direction.

In the same way, the white officials charged with the good order of the county or town might be given enlarged powers of summoning possses, and might be held to a high accountability. For example, *ipso facto* forfeiture of the official bond and removal from office, with perpetual disability to hold any office again, might be provided as a penalty for permitting any persons to be taken out of their hands.

Few ravishings by negroes would occur if the more influential

members of the race were held accountable for the good order of their race in every community; and few lynchings would occur, at least after the prisoners were in the hands of the officers of the law, if those officers, by the mere fact of relinquishing their prisoners should be disqualified from ever holding office again.

These suggestions may be as Utopian as others which have been made; but if they cannot be carried out, it is because the ravishings by negroes and the murders by mobs have their roots so deep in racial instincts that nothing can eradicate them, and in such case the ultimate issue will be a resort to the final test of might, which in the last analysis underlies everything.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

MR. MORLEY'S LIFE OF GLADSTONE.—II.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

GLADSTONE'S declaration, at a critical juncture of the American war, that Jefferson Davis had made a nation, gave deep offence to the friends of the North both in the United States and in England. But he atoned for it by frank and honorable repentance. As a statement of fact, it lacked truth only in so far that Davis, instead of making the South a nation, had found it one already made. The schism between the Free and Slave States was inevitable, and the war was from the outset one between nations. That Gladstone subscribed to the Confederate loan was false, nor is there the slightest reason for believing that he was less faithful than any of his colleagues to the policy of strict neutrality, however ready he may have been, in common with the rest, to tender good offices in a contest in which, as it deprived millions of British artisans of the materials of their industry, Great Britain had a manifest and pressing interest. I would not positively assert that the son of a slave-owner felt the same intense abhorrence of slavery as Wilberforce, or that a High Churchman fully equalled in his zeal for emancipation the Evangelicals whose special heritage it was. But Gladstone's actuating motives, certainly, were his regard for the bread of the British artisan, and his sympathy with all who were struggling to be free. With a view, probably, to the satisfaction of mortified friends of the North in England, he wrote to a friend suggesting that, if the North thought fit to let the South go, it might in time be indemnified by the union of Canada with the Northern States. As the letter, on consideration, seemed unlikely to have the desired effect, and not unlikely at some future time to prove embarrassing to the writer, no use was made of it and it was destroyed.

Had it been possible for the son of a Jamaica proprietor to be

an ardent emancipationist and a warm friend of the negro, Gladstone could hardly have failed to show his feelings on the occasion of the Jamaica massacre, that most atrocious outpouring of white hatred, rage, and panic on the black peasantry of Jamaica. However, he had the general sentiment of the upper classes and of the clergy of the State Church upon his side.

Peel, as Premier, had been master of the Government, as well as head, in the last resort, of every Department. His habit had been to hear what all the members of his Cabinet had to say, and then make up his mind. In his time, there was no voting or disclosure of Cabinet proceedings. Disclosure of Cabinet proceedings is, in fact, at variance with the Privy Councillor's oath. Gladstone, it appears, put questions to the vote. He also allowed a member of the Cabinet to set forth on a political adventure of his own and proclaim a policy independent of that of his chief and his colleagues, as the same politician is now again doing. The Cabinet system itself since Gladstone's Premiership is apparently beginning to give way. There is a commencement of the change which has now made the Cabinet an unwieldy body, meeting at long intervals and almost publicly, while the real power and the direction of policy centre in an inner conclave, something like that which, in the reign of Charles II., was called a Cabal.

Not only the Cabinet system but the party system, on which the Cabinet system was based, had begun to show signs of disintegration. Sectionalism had set in, as it was pretty sure to do when political speculation had grown more free and there was no controlling issue, like that of Parliamentary Reform in 1832, to hold a party together. Personal ambition was also becoming restless and difficult to control. More than once, Gladstone's Government was defeated by the bolting of its own supporters. The task of a Premier was not easy. Allowance must be made for this, when we compare the measure of Gladstone's success as head of the Government with that of his predecessors, and with the measure of his own success as Chancellor of the Exchequer, giving life and force to the Government by his triumphs in finance.

Of the truth of the charges of want of knowledge of men and of personal tact, often brought against Gladstone as Premier, I cannot pretend to judge. There was certainly no lack in him of social affability or charm. He may not have practised the jovial familiarities of Palmerston or had a counterpart of Lady Palm-

erston's Salon. But the lack of such things, or a want of what is called personal magnetism, will hardly deprive a great leader, such as Pitt or Peel, of the devotion of partisans, much less of the trust and attachment of the people.

Once, however, it must be owned, Gladstone as Premier was guilty of a blunder, if it was nothing more, which could not fail to shake the confidence of his party. I happened to be revisiting England and was at Manchester, when, like a bolt out of the blue, without notice or warning of any kind, came upon us the dissolution of 1874. All Liberals saw at once that it was ruin. It seems that the leader himself contemplated, and almost counted on, defeat. What was it, then, that moved him to this desperate act? His Chancellor and devoted friend, Lord Selborne (Rundell Palmer), does not doubt that it was a personal dilemma in which he had involved himself, by taking the Chancellorship of the Exchequer in addition to the First Lordship of the Treasury without going to his constituents for re-election—a violation, there was reason to apprehend, of the law. The only escape from that dilemma, according to the Chancellor, was dissolution. Mr. Morley, to whose authority I should willingly defer, strenuously denies the impeachment, and points to another ground, assigned by Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone was, of course, sure to assign another ground, and equally sure to persuade himself that it was the real one. But what was that other ground? It was, in fact, that the Government was sick, and that the election would put it out of its misery, thereby clearing the situation, while it would deprive a number of Gladstone's followers of their seats. Why was the stroke so sudden? On the other hand, the charge of bribing the constituencies by promising to repeal the income tax, Mr. Morley is perfectly right in dismissing as baseless. Such expectations are held out by all competitors for power. What is the game of party but that of outbidding the other side?

After this defeat, Achilles retired in dudgeon to his tent. Gladstone insisted on resigning the leadership. But everybody foresaw that his return to it was inevitable; and it was difficult to fix on a man of sufficient eminence to take his place, and yet not too eminent to give it up when the great man might see fit to return. Lord Hartington was chosen as one whose comparative youth would make the surrender easy in his case, while his high rank would continue to sustain his position.

Whenever there was fighting to be done for the party, either in Parliamentary debate or on the stump, Gladstone was the man. His Midlothian campaign displayed his almost miraculous powers as a speaker, while it called forth the enthusiastic feeling of the people for the man in whom they thought, and rightly, that they saw their heartiest friend and the most powerful advocate of their interests. Three speeches in one day and an address this prodigy of nature could deliver, and the speeches were not flummery and clap-trap, but addressed to the intelligence of the people. Yet, one cannot help being rather sorry that the stump should have been so much dignified by Gladstone's practice. It is a great evil. To say nothing of its effect upon the passions of the audience, it wears out the statesman; it deprives him, in the intervals of Parliament, of leisure for study and reflection. Worst of all, it tempts him imprudently to commit himself.

In the case of armed intervention in Egypt, Gladstone seemed to swerve from his usual fidelity to a policy of moderation and peace. It lost him Bright, to whom as he advanced in Liberalism he had been drawing closer, and who had been induced to take office in his Government. Bright would have nothing to do with aggrandizement or war, and in private his words were strong, though in public he showed chivalrous forbearance towards his friends. Seeing that Egypt lay on the road to India and commanded the Suez Canal, it does not appear that the illustrious Quaker would have had much reason for finding fault with Gladstone and his Government, so far as the main scope of their policy was concerned. The fatal mistake, as it turned out, was the employment of Gordon, a heroic enthusiast, whose action no one could well foresee, who perhaps could hardly foresee his own, and who was not the best agent to be selected for carrying out a policy of retreat. That Gladstone went to the opera after receiving news of Gordon's death, as his malignant enemies said, was denied. But, even if he had, would any real want of feeling have been implied in his continuing to take his ordinary relief from the load of toil and anxiety which he bore?

In the case of the Transvaal Republic, Gladstone had the moral courage, in face of the agitation caused by Majuba Hill, to avow that he shrank from "blood-guiltiness," and to keep the nation in the path of honor and justice.

The last act of this wonderful life drama and its catastrophe

connect themselves with the history of Ireland and are scarcely of a brighter hue than the rest of that sad story. The case of Ireland with which, at this juncture, statesmanship had to deal, if it was clearly apprehended, was never, so far as I remember, very clearly set forth, either by Mr. Gladstone or by any one who took part in the discussion. Cromwell had given Ireland the indispensable boon of free trade with Great Britain. Succeeding Governments, less wise and magnanimous, had allowed British protectionism to kill the great Irish industries, the cattle trade and the wool trade. The people were thus thrown for subsistence entirely on the cultivation of the soil, in an island far the greater part of which is too wet for the profitable raising of cereals, and lends itself only to grazing. Then came the Penal Code, and to economical destitution was added utter social degradation. The people were reduced to a state bordering on absolute barbarism, a state in which they could look for nothing beyond bare food, while even bare food, the treacherous potato being its staple, periodically failed. In such a condition, all social and prudential restraints on the increase of population were lost, and the people multiplied with animal recklessness far beyond the capacity of the island to maintain them. Desperately contending for the soil on which they solely depended for their maintenance, they became, in the most miserable sense, tenants-at-will, prædial serfs of the landlord, who ground them through his middleman, and sometimes through a series of middlemen forming a hierarchy of extortion. All the improvements of the tenant were confiscated by the owner of the soil. The only remedy for overpopulation, apart from the fell agencies of famine and disease, was emigration. The remedy for the agrarian evil and grievance, so far as it could be reached by legislation, apparently was some measure which would give the Irish tenant-at-will the same security for his holding which had been given to the English copyholder by custom and the favor of the courts. To buy out the Irish landlord was hardly just to the British people, and was a measure in itself of dangerous import. The abolition of the gentry by any means, if it could have been avoided, was a social mistake. The peasantry would thereby be deprived of the social chiefs, whose influence it specially needed, and there would be danger of handing the island over to the demagogue and the priest.

The political part of the problem, which concerned the rela-

tions between the two islands, had, when Mr. Gladstone came to deal with the question, assumed the aspect of a struggle for Home Rule. This was an ostensibly reduced and mitigated version of the struggle for the repeal of the Union, which had been set on foot by O'Connell, and, passing from him into more violent hands, had in 1848, under Smith O'Brien, come to an ignominious end in the "cabbage-garden." The political movement, apart from the agrarian insurrection, had never shown much force. It was not on political change that the heart of the Irish people was set, but on the secure possession of their holdings and their deliverance from the grasp of famine. But the new leader, Charles Stewart Parnell, a man of commanding character, combined the two objects, and the movement, carrying the people with it, became formidable in its political as well as in its agrarian form.

There had been, as we know, an immense Irish emigration to the United States. This, while it had somewhat relieved the pressure of population, had in another respect greatly added to the difficulty of the case. It had given birth to American Fenianism, with its Clan-na-Gael, an agitation wholly political, rabid, murderous, formidable from the influence of the Irish vote on American politicians, having its headquarters and its centre beyond the reach of British repression.

Gladstone had been in Ireland only for three weeks, and then, Mr. Morley says, he had not gone beyond a very decidedly English Pale. There is, at all events, no trace of his having studied on the spot the character of the people with whom he had to deal; the influences which were at work; the various forces, political, ecclesiastical, social, and economical, to the play of which he was going to deliver the island. Had he done this, he might have known why it was that Irish Liberals, like Lord O'Hagan and Sir Alexander Macdonald, while they were Irish patriots to the core, and because they were Irish patriots to the core, shrank with horror from the dissolution of the legislative union. He would have seen the probable fragility of any clause of a Home-Rule Act forbidding legislative preference of a particular religion, and the ease with which it could have been nullified by the Roman Catholic hierarchy and priesthood, wielding the influence which they wielded over the people and over popular elections. He would also have more vividly realized the danger attending the relation of Protestant and Saxon Ulster to the Celtic and Catholic

part of Ireland, when they faced each other in a separate arena and their conflict was uncontrolled.

With the agrarian grievance Mr. Gladstone undertook to deal by means of land legislation, purchasing for the people, or giving them the means of purchasing, the freehold of their lots. The operation, as has been said, was perilous, as it involved exceptional dealing with contracts, as well as an unusual employment of public money; and in its course it exposed Mr. Gladstone to angry charges, not only of violent legislation, but of deception, to which color may have been given by some shifting of his ground. A simple Act of the character above suggested might possibly have solved the problem with less of a shock to the sanctity of contracts and less disturbance of any kind; while it must be admitted that the conduct of Irish landlords generally to their tenantry had been such as to form a warrant, if their can be one, for drastic legislation.

The political part of the Parnell movement Mr. Gladstone had for some time strenuously and vehemently opposed. He denounced Parnell's policy as leading through rapine to dismemberment. He applied coercion vigorously to Irish outrage, imprisoned a number of Parnellites as suspects, and himself proclaimed the arrest of Parnell to an applauding multitude at Guild Hall. He allowed colleagues to rise night after night from his side, and denounce the Home-Rule movement in language even stronger than his own. But, having been defeated in the election of 1885 by the combined forces of Conservatives and Parnellites, he suddenly, to the amazement of everybody, and the general consternation of his party, turned round, declared in favor of Home Rule and coalesced with Parnell, by whose assistance he ousted the Conservative Government of Lord Salisbury, and re-installed himself in power. It is not necessary to charge him with being actuated by love of power, or to say that his conversion was not sincere. It is due to him to bear in mind that the Conservative leaders, in what was called the Maamtrasna debate, had unquestionably coquetted with Parnellism, one of them, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, courting Parnellite favor by censuring Lord Spencer; and that by this conduct on their part the aspect of the question had undergone a certain change. On the other hand, it is impossible to forget that Gladstone's position was that of leader of the Opposition, wishing to reinstate his party in

power, and seeing that this could be done only by the help of the Irish vote. Nor can we easily bring ourselves to accept the account of his gradual conversion to Home Rule put forth in his "History of an Idea." If he felt that his mind was moving on the subject, how could he have deemed it right not only to mark his own misgivings by vehement denunciations of Home Rule, but to lead his party and the nation on what he had begun to feel might prove to be the wrong line? His honesty, I repeat, need not be questioned. But neither his consistency nor the perfect singleness of his motive can very easily be maintained. He was a party leader; a full believer in the party system; and his party wanted to prevail over its rival. It is only by contention for power that party government can be carried on.

The political discontent would probably, as experience seemed to indicate, have subsided of itself when an end had been put to the material grievance and distress. Gladstone proposed to break the legislative Union and give Ireland a Parliament of her own. This Parliament he styled "statutory." Restrictions were to be laid upon it which would have made its relation to the British Parliament one of vassalage, and against which it would almost certainly have commenced, almost from the moment of its birth, a struggle for equality and independence. If it was baffled in that struggle, it might even have held out its hands for aid to the foreign enemies of Great Britain. The framer of the measure apparently had not distinctly made up his mind whether he would include the Irish in the Parliament of Great Britain or exclude them from it. That he should have rushed into legislation so momentous, legislation affecting the very existence of the United Kingdom, without having thoroughly made up his mind on the vital point, is surely a proof that, great as he was in finance, mighty as he was in debate, powerful as he was in framing and carrying measures of reform, when, as in the case of Irish Disestablishment or the Universities, a clear case was put into his hands, he was hardly one of those sure-footed statesmen to whom can be safely intrusted the supreme destinies of a nation.

If after the equitable settlement of the agrarian question and the reduction of the population to the number which the island can maintain, the political malady continues to defy cure, and the Irish contingent remains, as it has now for many years been, an alien and rebellious element in the British Parliament, disturbing

and distracting British councils, there may be a sufficient reason for letting Ireland go. There can be no good reason for keeping her as a mere thorn in the side of Great Britain. It is not unlikely that, after a trial of independence, she might of her own accord come back to the Union. But all wise statesmen have united in saying that there must be legislative Union or independence. Two Parliaments, two nations.*

The announcement of Gladstone's plan was followed by terrible searching of heart in his party, ending in a split. Lord Hartington undertook the leadership of the Unionist-Liberals, and showed unexpected energy and ability in his new part. The fatal blow was the declared opposition of Bright, the life-long advocate of justice to Ireland, the great pillar of political righteousness. Mr. Chamberlain, as Gladstone said at the time, played for safety in either event. He declared himself ready to vote for federation, but not for Gladstone's scheme. He was thus able, according to the turn which events might take, to say either that he had been in favor of Home Rule or that he had been against it.

The stoutest opposition and that which did most to save the integrity of the United Kingdom was made, as I shall always hold, by *The Times*. The error into which it fell with regard to the Parnell Letters was a trifling matter compared with the memorable service which it rendered on the whole to the Unionist cause.

When the contest had begun, Gladstone's pugnacity broke all bounds. He appealed to separatist sentiment in Scotland and Wales, as well as in Ireland. He appealed to the "masses" against the "classes." He appealed to ignorance against intelligence and the professions. One of the most eminent of his life-long friends and admirers, who had held high office in his Government, said in a letter to me "Gladstone is morally insane." He had lost the personal influences by which his impulses had been controlled. Graham, Newcastle, Sydney Herbert, Cardwell, all were gone. Cardwell especially, a man eminently sure-footed and cool-headed, had, I suspect, while he lived, exercised an important and salutary though unfelt restraint.

*I used to think that an occasional session, or even a single session, of the United Parliament at Dublin, for the special settlement of Irish affairs, Irish character being what it is, might have a good effect on the Irish heart. It might put an end to the feeling which at present prevails, that the united Parliament is alien to Ireland and almost a foreign power. The suggestion was considered, but the inconvenience was deemed too great. Yet, inconvenience would have been cheaply incurred if the measure could have answered its purpose.

Carried away by his excitement, Gladstone traduced the authors of the Union and their work, a work which he had once coupled with the treaty of commerce with France as supremely honorable to Pitt. "A horrible and strange history, for no epithets weaker than these can in the slightest degree describe or indicate ever so faintly the means by which, in defiance of the national sentiment of Ireland, consent to the Union was attained." Such is his language, and he compares the transaction in atrocity to the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Consent to the Union was attained by the absolute necessity, plain to men of sense, of putting an end to murderous anarchy and averting a renewal of '98. It has been clearly shown that there was no bribery or none of a serious kind. The indemnities for the owners of pocket boroughs were paid, in accordance with the notions of the day and under an Act of Parliament, alike to those who had voted for the Union and to those who had voted against it. The oligarchy to whose local reign the measure put an end was appeased with peerages and appointments, the scramble for which might well disgust a high-minded man like Cornwallis. This was probably inevitable in those days, and was hardly so bad as the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Satisfactorily to obtain the national consent was impossible. The Parliament was a Protestant oligarchy, the Catholics being still excluded, and it was deeply stained with the atrocities of repression. Ireland, in fact, was not a nation, or capable of giving a national consent; it was a country divided between two races antagonistic in religion and at deadly enmity with each other. The submission of the question to the constituencies by the holding of a general election, five-sixths of the population being excluded from Parliament, would have been futile, and would very likely have revived the civil war. Pitt, it is true, held out to the Catholics a hope of political emancipation. That hope he did his best to fulfil, but he was prevented by the fatuous obstinacy of the King; and Mr. Gladstone, who was a devout monarchist, might have been challenged to say what, when met by the Royal veto, Pitt could have done. The promise remained in abeyance for one generation, at the end of which it was fulfilled. These bitter appeals to Irish hatred of the Union and belief that it was a deadly and inexpiable wrong, did not come well from the author of a measure intended, as he professed, to pluck the thorn out of the Irish heart.

The Bill was defeated in the House of Commons by a majority of thirty votes; and, on an appeal to the country, the Liberal-Unionists combining with the Conservatives on the special question, the Opposition won by upwards of a hundred. Six years afterwards, by another turn of the wheel, the Salisbury Government losing strength, Gladstone found himself again at the head of the Government, but with a weak majority made up largely of the Irish vote. Then came the catastrophe of Parnell, who, at the critical moment, was convicted of *crim. con.* It is impossible to read Mr. Morley's account of the scene of wild distraction which ensued, matrimonial morality struggling with political convenience, and of the sorrowful decision of Gladstone that *crim. con.* would be an awkward thing to carry in face of the Nonconformist conscience, without feeling the presence of a comic element in the narrative.

Home-Rule, however, was again put to the vote, and in its strangest form, Ireland being given a Parliament of her own, and, at the same time, a representation in the British Parliament with full liberty of voting on all British questions. That the Irish delegation would barter its vote to British parties for Irish objects, and especially for the relaxation of restrictions on its plenary power, was what nobody could fail to foresee. A more extraordinary proposal, surely, never was made to any legislature. It might have been accepted by a conquered country. The one recommendation that Home Rule had was, that it would rid the British Parliament of an alien and hostile element. That element Gladstone's Bill would have retained in its worst form. The Bill, however, was carried in the Commons by a majority of thirty-four, some of the English members probably giving a party vote in the assurance that the Bill would be thrown out by the House of Lords. By the House of Lords the Bill was thrown out with a vengeance. Its author, after vainly trying to raise a storm against the Lords, resigned, ostensibly on a difference with the Admiralty about naval expenditure. One of the most memorable careers in English history came to an end. The party which Gladstone led was utterly shattered, and shattered it still remains. Palmerston, could he have looked upon the scene, might have said that his cynical prophecy had been really fulfilled.

Gladstone in addition to his immense amount of public work was a voluminous author; the more voluminous because his style,

formed by public and *ex tempore* speaking, though perfectly clear and correct, was certainly diffuse. His biographer shows good judgment by dwelling no more than he can help on this part of the subject. Readers of "Homeric Studies" and "*Juventus Mundi*" must wonder how such things can have been written and given to the press by so great a man. Stranger things have seldom come from any pen than the pages of the Traditive Element in Homeric Theo-Mythology, connecting Latona with the Virgin, Apollo with the Deliverer of mankind, and Ate with the Tempter. All these volumes are full of fantastic and baseless speculation. The fancy that there was an Egyptian epoch in the early history of Greece appears to be partly suggested by an accidental similarity between the names of an Egyptian and a Bœotian city. Not on such reasonings were the famous budgets based.

I was with Gladstone one day, when, our business having been done, he began to talk of Homer, and imparted to me a theory which he had just woven out of some fancied philological discovery. I felt sure that the theory was baseless and tried to convince him that it was. But he was never very open to argument. Just as I had succumbed, the door opened and his brother-in-law, Lord Lyttelton, came in. Lord Lyttelton was a first-rate classical scholar, and I felt sure that he would see the question aright and prevail. See the question aright he did; prevail he did not; and the discovery has probably taken its place beside those of the traditive element.

Before the publication of "*Juventus Mundi*," I think it was, there was a Homeric dinner at which, with Cornwall Lewis, Milman, and some other scholars I had the honor of being present. It was a very delightful reunion. No one could be more charming socially than our host. But I doubt whether the critical effect was great.

Gladstone had in part put off his Establishmentarianism, but his orthodoxy and belief in the inspiration of the Bible remained unimpaired. This deprives his theological writings of serious value, though they still have interest as the work of a mind at once powerful and intensely religious, dealing with topics of the highest concern. It is not difficult to meet Hume's philosophic objection to miracles, which seems little more than an assumption of the absolute impossibility of a sufficient amount of evidence—an assumption hardly warrantable; for if the death of a man and

his restoration to life were witnessed and certified by a great body of scientific men, in circumstances such as to preclude the possibility of imposture, we should not withhold our belief, however contrary the occurrence might be to the ordinary course of nature. But we cannot believe anything contrary to the ordinary course of nature on the testimony of an anonymous gospel of uncertain authorship, of uncertain date, the product of an uncritical age, containing matter apparently mythical and written in the interest of a particular religion. From considering the question in this point of view, Gladstone by his literalism is debarred. So, in his critical work on Butler, he is debarred from free and fruitful discussion by the assumption, which he all the time carries with him, of the authenticity of Revelation. His belief in the inspiration of the Bible seems to go so far as to include belief in the longevity of the Patriarchs before the flood.*

Venturing to break a lance with Huxley about the truth of the account of creation in Genesis, he could not fail to be overthrown. His apology seems to amount to this; that the Creator in imparting an account of the creation to Moses, was so far well-informed that the account could, by dint of very ingenious interpretation, be made not wholly irreconcilable with scientific fact. Gladstone continued greatly to venerate Newman, and apparently allowed himself to be influenced in his reasoning by the "Grammar of Assent," a sort of *vade mecum* of self-sophistication, the characteristic purport of the Cardinal's very subtle but not very robust or very veracious mind.

If in one or two points in this article I have ventured to differ from Mr. Morley, it has been with deference to his superior knowledge of Gladstone, and without prejudice to my sincere admiration for his book.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

* "The immense longevity of the early generations of mankind was eminently favorable to the preservation of pristine traditions. Each individual, instead of being, as now, a witness of, or an agent in, one or two transmissions from father to son, would observe or share in ten times as many. According to the Hebrew Chronology, Lamech, the father of Noah, was of mature age before Adam died: and Abraham was of mature age before Noah died. Original or early witnesses, remaining so long as standards of appeal, would evidently check the rapidity of the darkening and destroying process."—"Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age," II., 4, 5.

TWO TREATIES OF ARBITRATION.

BY THOMAS BARCLAY, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE INTERNATIONAL
LAW ASSOCIATION.

THE first resolution adopted in Great Britain in favor of an Anglo-French Treaty of Arbitration was that submitted to the International Law Association at Glasgow, on August 30th, 1901. It was as follows:

“That this Association views with satisfaction all attempts to widen the scope of arbitration as a permanent means of solving difficulties between States; that it regrets the failure of the efforts to carry a permanent treaty of arbitration between Great Britain and the United States, and trusts that the governments of the two countries will continue their efforts for that purpose; that, in view of the favorable opinions expressed by the friends of peace and the public generally in France, it is desirable and opportune that efforts be made to bring about the conclusion of a treaty of arbitration between Great Britain and France.”

Lord-Chief-Justice Alverstone occupied the chair, and was supported by Mr. Justice Phillimore, Mr. Justice Gorell Barnes, and Mr. Justice Bruce of the English bench, and by Lord President Balfour (now Lord Kinross) and Lords Young and Kincairney of the Scottish bench.

The Lord-Chief-Justice dwelt, in his inaugural address, at some length on the abortive Anglo-American treaty of 1897, of which he said: “It has always seemed to me to embody more of the principles on which a general treaty of arbitration might proceed than any other state paper which has ever been published.” He added, with prophetic vision: “I hope and trust it may still be a starting point, and afford common ground on which the citizens of the United States and the subjects of his Majesty the King may be able to meet and adjust differences, should they ever unhappily arise.” The Alaskan difference has just been adjusted

on this common ground, and it will be a lasting honor to Lord Alverstone to have attached his name to both the thought and the realization.

From this first enunciation of the aims of the present movement in Great Britain, it is seen that the object was a two-fold one. The latter part of that object has provisionally been fold one. The one part of that object has provisionally been achieved, and I have now had the good fortune to be able to revive agitation for the accomplishment of the other part.

There is a certain analogy between the causes which have made arbitration between Great Britain and this country, and between Great Britain and France, so particularly desirable; they apply without distinction between these three great democracies, whose power for destruction is practically a tie, for whom war means employment in the work of havoc and death of national resources which do not suffice for all the crying needs of elementary well-being.

If in the course of barely eight years Great Britain has been twice on the brink of a great war, and in the one case she accepted peace without much honor, and in the other it was her possible adversary who accepted peace with (in the eyes of some of the citizens of that possible adversary) still less honor, no glory is claimed by those who won.

Public memory is proverbially short. Let us recall the circumstances. The two cases have been the causes of movements which are leaving marks upon their epochs; marks perhaps so deep that they may last through generations not one of us will see in being.

On December 17th, 1895, the President of the United States, in his now famous message, threw down the glove to Great Britain. He proposed to Congress to appoint a Commission to determine the boundary between British territory and Venezuela. He added that it would be the duty of the United States "to resist by every means in its power, as a wilful aggression upon its rights and interests, the appropriation by Great Britain of any lands, or the exercise of governmental jurisdiction over any territory, which, after investigation, the United States had determined of right belonged to Venezuela." President Cleveland's proposal was accepted by Congress; and if any other Power but the United States had been concerned, there is little doubt that such intervention would have led to war. Though Great Britain did not pick up the glove, public feeling throughout the world was deeply

impressed. In three days, the value of American securities is estimated to have fallen by \$400,000,000. A panic in Wall Street, on the 20th of December, called forth a fresh message the same day, in which the President tried to reassure the public as to the national solvency. Shortly afterwards, Great Britain agreed to enter into negotiations for reference of the question to arbitration. The discussion of the terms of this reference brought out a difference of opinion, as to the scope of arbitration, between Mr. Olney and Lord Salisbury, who "was not prepared in matters of high political import to admit unrestricted arbitration," and who "doubted whether it was possible to obtain an impartial arbiter." To make his point clearer, Lord Salisbury, a few days later (March 5th), wrote an exhaustive despatch, giving his views concerning the scope of arbitration generally, appending to it "heads of a treaty for arbitration in certain cases." He proposed that the Venezuelan dispute should be dealt with under its provisions. But this was objected to by Mr. Olney, as the special provisions of Lord Salisbury's scheme relating to territorial questions did not insure finality. Ultimately, it was decided to make two different treaties. The general treaty of arbitration was signed on January 11th, 1897, and the Venezuelan one three weeks later, on February 2nd. Thus a general treaty of arbitration, applicable to all cases, grew out of a difficulty which had brought the two nations dangerously near an armed conflict.

In the autumn of 1898, a difficulty arose, as unexpectedly as the British-American one of 1895 had done, between Great Britain and France, in connection with the reconquest of the Soudan by the Egyptian forces under General Kitchener, and the appearance, at that very time, at Fashoda, of Major Marchand, a French officer who had gallantly crossed the African continent with a few soldiers, and planted the French flag at this spot on the upper Nile within the reconquered territory. The difficulty became a national and public one, through the publication, while the question was still under diplomatic discussion, of a rather animated correspondence which had taken place on the subject between the two governments. The feeling in both countries ran so high that the slightest imprudence on the part of either government would have plunged the two nations into war. The French Mediterranean fleet, with lights extinguished, steamed past Gibraltar at dead of night and joined the Channel fleet.

Churches in all the French Channel ports were requisitioned for ambulance purposes, and all the mayors in haste were required to furnish immediate returns as to available beds for the wounded. The French army authorities are said to have expended in preparations for war upwards of \$14,000,000 during the few days of the crisis. On the British side, the Mediterranean fleet was despatched to Alexandria, a reserve fleet was formed in the Channel, all available war-ships were ordered to hold themselves in readiness, and all repairs were forbidden which could not be completed within twenty-four hours. This was the situation in which the two countries were placed after the British Government had declined to discuss the question. No doubt, the British Government acted in accordance with its convictions as to the necessities of the situation, in taking the unwonted course of publishing the correspondence at its most critical stage. Among Frenchmen, however, it was viewed as a provocation, and they resented this public forcing upon them of the alternative of fighting for a matter of no national importance, or of accepting the humiliation of obeying the order of their powerful neighbor; and the bitterness grew with fuller knowledge of the facts. The Peace Conference at The Hague, in the following spring, turned men's minds temporarily to ideas of peace. But with the outbreak of the Boer War in the autumn, the smouldering anger found a vent; and ill-advised caricatures excited a well-justified and, nevertheless, extraordinary indignation among the whole British people, who determined on account of them, at the very least, to boycott the exhibition about to be opened in Paris.

An idea of the state of feeling at this time may be gathered from an article which the well-known French historian, M. Ernest Lavisse, of the French Academy, published in the January number of the "*Revue de Paris*," in 1900. I translate what he wrote:

"Some years ago, if you looked about for possible causes of conflict in the world, you found the question of Alsace, the rivalry of England and Russia in Persia and in the Far East, that of Russia and Austria in the Balkan Peninsula, the struggle of Balkan nationalities, that of the races in the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy; to which has more recently been added the development of the foreign policy of the United States. A conflict between France and England seemed impossible. To-day, such a contingency seems the most to be dreaded among those which

threaten the peace of the world. Between these two countries, a hostility, which, nevertheless, has no serious foundation, is becoming more and more intense. If care is not taken, it will soon become blind hatred."

I can testify to the accuracy of this statement. In an article which I published the following month in "The Fortnightly Review," I gave instances of this blind hatred, which seemed to be growing with the irresistible force of one of those national upheavals known to historians as more like the workings of unconscious nature than the outcome of national purpose and reason.

It is not for the writer of this article to speak of the part he played in procuring the cessation of the caricatures, and in bringing about a revulsion of feeling in both countries. Suffice it to say, that exceptional circumstances at the time placed it in his power to do both. To consolidate the better feeling thus brought about was the object of the Anglo-French arbitration movement which he had the privilege of being able to start in the spring of 1901. The proposal was supported by all the trade organizations, whether of capital or of labor, in both countries. The treaty signed on October 14th last was the result of the determination of those to whom war means loss, either of trade or of work or of life, to try to bring the methods of states into harmony with the methods of civilized domestic communities.

Thus, both treaties grew out of difficulties which had nearly plunged the countries concerned into war.

It has been seen that the Anglo-French movement was closely connected with a desire to redeem the Anglo-American failure of 1897. This was one of my purposes in crossing the Atlantic; and my interviews with the leaders of both parties and with eminent protagonists of peace, like Mr. J. W. Foster, Mr. Carl Schurz, Dr. E. E. Hale, Mr. E. Atkinson and others, with the aid of the American press, have led to a most satisfactory revival of agitation to give effect to some treaty, either like the Anglo-French one, or farther-reaching, like the abortive one of 1897.

The Anglo-French treaty is very short and simple. Its object is tentative. At the end of five years, if not earlier, its scope will probably be enlarged beyond the "judicial questions or those arising out of the interpretation of existing treaties," to which it is at present confined. All matters involving the "national

honor" or "vital interests" are, in fact, specifically excepted from its operation.*

Although the terms of the treaty are almost of the mildest conceivable kind for a standing treaty of arbitration, this is not to be deprecated. It is the first standing treaty of arbitration ever entered into between two great Powers. It does, as between Great Britain and France, all that was contemplated by the Emperor of Russia when he summoned the Powers to confer with him at The Hague. His compulsory project contained identically the same restrictions as to "national honor" and "vital interests." Nor did any other Power seem to contemplate going beyond the scheme of this project. Lastly, it must be borne in mind that any treaty of arbitration is sufficient to gain time for the governments bound by it, whatever the nature of the emergency. It provides an alternative for war; and every question is a *judicial* one till either party disputes its being so. Recent events have shown that no government at the present day prefers war to peace, if it can find an honorable issue from the difficulty with which it is confronted; and that honorable issue is afforded by a standing treaty.

A "*forteresse qui parle*," says a French proverb, does not fight, and so long as the parties can talk, and find further occasions to talk, the danger of the deadlock which follows when talking is exhausted, and the only remaining outlet is force, will be averted.

The form the Anglo-American treaty should take is a very delicate question, in view of the distrustful attitude the Senate assumed in 1897. The opinion of both British and American statesmen towards arbitration, moreover, seems to have undergone some modification of late years. A distinction more or less vaguely felt in 1897 has become definite in the minds of many public men. It is a distinction between cases which are arbitrable,

* The negotiations arose out of a question put by Mr. Ernest Beckett, in the House of Commons, on May 11th last, to the Prime Minister, asking whether he was prepared to act upon the consensus of opinion of the Chambers of Commerce of the country, in favor of a treaty of arbitration with France. M. Paul Cambon, the French ambassador in London, drew M. Delcassé's attention to this question and Mr. Balfour's friendly answer. Correspondence followed, in which the French Minister of Foreign Affairs adverted to the large number of resolutions passed by similar bodies in France, and M. Cambon to Lord Lansdowne's friendly dispositions. It eventually resulted in "heads for a treaty" being furnished by M. Delcassé, in the same way as they had been by Lord Salisbury in the Anglo-American case. These heads, with a few alterations of no practical importance, were put into form and adopted.

and those which are not arbitrable but may be "conciliable," to use a French word which we may adopt without violating any linguistic analogies of the English language. The treaty of 1897 provided two different methods for dealing with these different cases. The arbitrable cases were to be dealt with by the ordinary methods of arbitration; the conciliable cases by a tribunal, without an umpire, composed of an equal number of judges from both sides. The treaty of 1897 ought, therefore, to have been called an "Arbitration and Conciliation Treaty." Thus, the Anglo-French treaty practically expresses the modern statesman's view of the scope of arbitration properly so-called, and it seems probable that it was confusion, in the discussion in the Senate in 1897, between the two ideas that led to the wreck of the treaty.

Thus, Article I. of the treaty of 1897 stated:

"The high contracting parties agree to *submit to arbitration*, in accordance with the provisions and subject to the limitations of this treaty, *all questions in difference* between them which they may fail to adjust by diplomatic negotiation."

This gave the Executive the power to submit matters of grave national importance to arbitration in its ordinary sense, these matters only becoming conciliable if either party so exacted. The Senate, therefore, added the following proviso:

"*And any agreement to submit, together with its formulations, shall in every case, before it becomes final, be communicated by the President of the United States to the Senate with his approval, and be concurred in by two-thirds of the Senators present.*"

This proviso was inserted, no doubt, also on account of the clauses relating to territorial questions, as to which the Senate decided to retain its control intact. The last of these is now disposed of. The other consideration, however, remains; and I would suggest that, when the treaty is redrawn, the two classes of cases be dealt with separately, in order that the rejection of a part may not entail rejection of the whole. Thus some text for arbitrable cases, on the lines of the Anglo-French treaty, might be adopted before the "vital question" clauses are dealt with.

Whether these latter clauses are adopted or not, it will be an immense gain for diplomacy and pacific methods if only a treaty similar to the Anglo-French one is adopted. It must never be forgotten that the moral effect of any treaty of arbitration is, after all, its strongest recommendation. The attempt to gain

time in emergencies has led to the growth of "protocols" in diplomacy, which may be distasteful to those who like the rapid and "straight-ahead" methods of private business, but whose object is to avoid those very deadlocks which are so dangerous when nations are concerned. The moral effect of being able to gain time to reflect about consequences, to talk over an alternative, over a further stage of pacific procedure, while public feeling is "on the cool," is the greatest effect of an arbitration treaty for mankind. Truly did Lord Alverstone say at Glasgow in 1901:

"The moral effect of having a treaty which shall *prima facie* make it obligatory on two nations to refer matters to arbitration, must be very great, not only as affecting the public mind, but as affecting the minds of the statesmen who have to control their destinies."

It is not for me to make suggestions as to whether the time is ripe for action on this side of the Atlantic, or not. Sir Mortimer Durand, the new British ambassador, is reported to be personally favorable to the movement. The American Executive, I know, is equally ready to take the matter up when the prospect of a successful issue in the Senate is assured. But, since the first step in the negotiations for the treaty of 1897 was taken by Lord Salisbury, the movement will naturally come this time from America. The response from Great Britain will be in no uncertain tone.

Great Britain has the greatest admiration for her energetic young offspring, and when in 1895 that offspring threatened to strike her, she was only amazed at such violence. When others, like the musketeer in "Cyrano de Bergerac," concluded, "*on peut, donc, lui parler de son nez maintenant,*" they saw the difference. Every Anglo-Saxon must wish to see the very idea of war between the old mother and her big son classed among the sinful things no one must even dream of. The appliances of modern life are drawing closer and closer the ties between us of blood, character and institutions. Enterprises like those undertaken by Mr. Alfred Mosely, with which I have been connected, increase our knowledge of each other, and procure occasions for that friendly comparison in which each borrows something from the other, making us still more kin. Every member of the Mosely Commission, like, no doubt, every other Englishman who visits these shores, can only wish with all his might that peace between his country and this shall never come near being broken again.

THOMAS BARCLAY.

“PARSIFAL” AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE.

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN.

WHAT rougher prank of ironic fortune could be imagined than that a work of art most precious to its creator,—the one of all his achievements which he would have withheld from common appropriation,—should suddenly and irreclaimably have been delivered over to the crowd and to the casual uses of the paragraphist. It is lamentable enough when a work of intimate and delicate contrivance is lightly bandied, its subtle beauty disarranged; but when that which has been wrought with lovely artistry is charged, besides, with a profound and grave significance, its heedless exploitation can work only perplexity and distraction. In such an estate to-day is Wagner's “Parsifal.” Its sensational vicissitudes as an artistic property are egregiously familiar: known at first hand a year ago only to that inconsiderable public to whom the arts are of consequence, and by report to a few others, this poignant spiritual allegory has become the topical property of the man in the street, the preposterous inspiration of a *cause célèbre*.

The thing was, of course, inevitable,—although the consummation was somewhat needlessly abrupt. It could scarcely be expected that a supreme masterpiece of musico-dramatic art should remain indefinitely defiant of popular curiosity. But if one would arrive at any sensitive apprehension of the essential greatness of Wagner's drama, there is the peril of a fatal confusion in the idle and uninstructed exegesis which has greeted the emergence of the work into public view; and the estimates even of those who are wiser in the ways of art will be found to be singularly various. For some, “Parsifal” marks the summit of Wagner's accomplishment as a lyric dramatist. Mr. Ernest Newman, one of the most acute and authoritative of Wagnerian critics, finds it “in many

ways the most wonderful and impressive thing ever done in music"; while at the other end of the gamut are Mr. James Huneker, whose scorn of "Parsifal" has been uttered with Rabelaisian frankness, and Mr. John F. Runciman, who devotes many pages in a volume of essays to declaring an emphatic and unequivocal dislike for the master's swan-song. Nor is this more than an appraisal of "Parsifal's" actual artistic value. It is when one seeks for a final interpretation of the matter of the work, its poetic and spiritual significance, that confusion and contradiction abound: it is a parable of renunciation, or of redemption; or it is a plea for chastity; or a glorification of sanctity, or of asceticism, or of the beauty of repentance; and, at the end, the seeker after illumination will go again to the work itself and read with steadiness and simplicity of mood, until he understands what Wagner has said, with incomparable eloquence and conviction, in his own most luminous and vivid pages.

At the castle of Monsalvat, in Spain, is held in pious sanctuary the Holy Grail—the crystal cup from which, at the Last Supper, the Saviour drank, and in which, at the Cross, his blood was caught. A holy Brotherhood, the Knights of the Grail, guard it and receive from it sustenance and spiritual valor, whenever it is uncovered by the king. Near Monsalvat lives Klingsor, a master magician, who had failed to secure admission to the Brotherhood because he was not pure in heart. In revenge, he had built himself a castle of enchantment and filled its gardens with alluringly lovely women, through whom he decoys his enemies, the knights. Amfortas, the king and chief warden of the Grail, had been entrapped while making siege upon the castle and had succumbed to the seductions of Kundry (a strange woman—at one time a temptress thrall to the sinister designs of Klingsor; again, when disenchanted, an humble penitent in the service of the Grail). His sacred spear—the one with which Christ's side was pierced—had been seized by Klingsor. In attempting to regain it, the knight had received from it a grievous wound, which can never heal except through the agency of one who shall come, a guileless fool, enlightened and aroused by pity.

One day there comes to the Grail's domain the youth Parsifal, a wild forest lad, impetuous and ignorant, who has thoughtlessly killed a sacred swan. Reproached and interrogated by one of the knights, he is unable to give an account of himself, for he

knows neither his own nor his parents' name, nor whence he came. In the belief that he may be the eagerly awaited deliverer, he is taken to the sanctuary, where he sees the anguished Amfortas presiding at the unveiling of the Grail. The sight, however, leaves him unmoved, and he is angrily dismissed. The boy leaves Monsalvat, and in his wanderings arrives at Klingsor's magic castle, where the wizard has planned his seduction by Kundry. Subtly she plays upon the youth's sympathies, telling him of his mother's devotion to him, and of her death. She would instruct him in love; and, under pretence of conveying a last greeting from his mother, she presses her lips in a long kiss upon his mouth. "Then", says the text, "his mien exhibits a fearful change; he presses his hands vehemently upon his heart, as if to stifle a lacerating pain." In anguish he cries aloud (I quote the passage,* as it is highly significant):

" Amfortas!—
 The wound! The wound!
 Within my heart it blazes.
 Ah, woe! woe!
 Frightfullest woe!
 From deep within me leaps it aloft.
 Oh! Oh!
 Wretchedest!
 Woefullest!
 Thy wound, I saw it bleeding:—
 Now bleeds it in myself—
 Here—here!

 No, no! It is not the wound:

 Here! Here, the blaze in my heart!
 The yearning, the terrible yearning!"

Kundry importunes him, but he repulses her. As he prepares to leave, Klingsor appears and flings Amfortas's spear at him, but it stops, miraculously suspended, over Parsifal's head. He seizes it and makes the sign of the cross, whereupon the castle sinks in ruins and the garden is transformed into a wilderness.

After many years, Parsifal, who has searched long and vainly for the castle of the Grail, finds it upon Good Friday. He is

* Adapted from the valuable and little-known translation by Alfred Forman, to which Mr. Max Smith has recently called attention.

greeted by Gurnemanz, an aged knight, who rejoices at the sight of the sacred spear which Parsifal bears. Kundry, now no longer in bondage to Klingsor, but an humble servant of the Grail, bathes his feet and dries them with her hair, Gurnemanz anoints his head, and they enter the communion hall together. In the presence of the assembled knights, Parsifal, at last becomes aware, through kindled intuition, of Amfortas's suffering, touches and heals his wound with the spear-point. The Grail is disclosed, and Parsifal is proclaimed its king and warden.

Such, in the briefest outline, is the substance of the drama, upon the side of action and event. Is it possible to believe, as Mr. Runciman asks us to believe, that we have here simply a parable of renunciation; that "Parsifal" is a sublimated argument for the "denial of life"? For all that Mr. Runciman, one of the most responsible of contemporary critics, can find to say of Parsifal as a dramatic figure is, that he is set before us merely as one who "deliberately turns from the green world, with its trees and flowers, its dawns and sunsets, its winds and waters, and shuts himself up in a monkery which has a back garden, a pond and some ducks." The comment has an undeniable vivacity, and its persuasiveness is obvious; but was it quite worth setting down? Mr. Krehbiel, too, finds it possible to say, in his suggestive and scholarly analysis of "Parsifal" in the "Wagnerian Drama" studies, that its central idea, so far as the dramatic spectacle is concerned, is "a glorification of a conception of sanctity which grew out of a monstrous perversion of womanhood." "Of course," he hastens to add, "there is much more in 'Parsifal' than a celebration of the principal feature in mediæval asceticism." But concerning "the dramatic spectacle," too, is there not much more to be said? Is it seeing very far into the dramatic texture of the play to find in it nothing more vital, more immediate, more importunate, than the symbolization of a facile asceticism? Parsifal is found by Mr. Krehbiel to be endowed "with scarcely another merit than that which had become the ideal of monkish theologians, under the influence of fearful moral depravity and fanatical superstition. . . . In the third act, scenes are borrowed from the life of Christ, and Parsifal is made to play in them as the central figure; Kundry anoints the feet of the knight and dries them with her hair; Parsifal baptizes Kundry and absolves her from sin. These acts, and the resistance of

Kundry's seductions in the magic garden, make up, for the greater part, the sum of the acts of a hero in whom the spectator wishes to see . . . some evidences of the attributes of the heroes of the profoundly poetical romances from which the subject-matter was drawn." And Mr. George Moore voices a similar misliking, when, in the brisker manner of his Ulick Dean, he accounts the sum of Parsifal's activities to be "the killing of a swan and the refusal of a kiss." All of which is, to say the least, insufficient. Parsifal is, as Mr. Moore has elsewhere unconsciously suggested, a subjective hero. It is not the redemption of Amfortas through the conscious compassion of a guileless simpleton that is the essential fact. The stage of the drama is in the heart of Parsifal himself: it is *his* redemption, *his* regeneration that is accomplished. There is the vital lesson: that none may look upon the Grail and know it in the splendid moment of its illumination, until he has first become aware of the vivid reality of other lives and of the common life: until, in his brother, he has found himself. That is the awakening, the enlightenment.

Musically, "Parsifal" is unique among Wagner's achievements. It has not the continual and flaming inspiration of "Tristan," the tragic puissance of "Götterdämmerung," the unflaggingly felicitous invention of "Siegfried"; nor are the themes inveterately eloquent in denotement. But in no other work has he compassed the exquisitely dexterous art, the emotional subtlety, the insinuating poignancy, of this score. Nowhere else in his writing is to be found such a theme as that which the commentators have chosen to identify as the "second Herzeleide motive," which appears for the first time when Kundry, in the garden scene of the second act, tells Parsifal of his mother's anguish after he had left her; nor has he ever approached, in intricately cumulative intensity, the chromatic passages of the "changing-scene" in the first act; and how piercing are the phrases with which the "Good Friday" scene closes! Above all, how ineffably lovely is the benign and exalted music of the final scene, where is uttered, as it seems, with an authentic finality, a signal of that purification through pity and terror whereby we are put in touch with immortal things.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

PRACTICAL PHASES OF CARIBBEAN DOMINATION.

BY FREDERIC COURTLAND PENFIELD.

"Our nation has insisted that because of its primacy in strength among the nations of the western hemisphere it has certain duties and responsibilities which oblige it to take a leading part. . . . It is the firm purpose of the United States that its growth and influence and power shall redound, not to the harm, but to the benefit, of our sister republics, whose strength is less. Our growth, therefore, is beneficial to humankind in general."—President ROOSEVELT, in Chicago address, April 2d, 1903.

At the moment when the United States is preparing for the great work of creating the Isthmian canal, public attention is directed perforce to present and future conditions in Caribbean countries and in the islands of the West Indies, for perspicacity points to that region as pregnant with possibilities for American expansion—not for adding to our area, but for expansion of power requisite to canal control and helpful to trade extension.

Do we want the West Indies? is a question destined to be conspicuously before the American people in the not distant future; rapidity of national growth is certain to force it into prominence. Naval and army officials, civil engineers, and others whose duty takes them to our island possessions in the Antilles, claim that it is shaping into a theme of importance; first, because Europe will not always permit the United States merely to reap the benefits of the Monroe Doctrine; that so radical a measure carries responsibilities as well, is now generally admitted, and if we do not police the republics of Central and South America, Hayti and Santo Domingo, European Powers surely will. Secondly, American naval domination of the Caribbean Sea is essential to the control of the important artery of international commerce that we are to

construct, and that means a greatly augmented navy, whose most important field of activity will be the Caribbean.

It being accepted that lapse of time is destined to bring every island in the West Indies voluntarily under the fostering care of the Stars and Stripes, it is obviously permissible to discuss what measures are open to our government to honorably secure certain needed advantages before the ages bring the fulfilment of the "destiny" so long recognized by profound political writers.

A "World Power" now, the United States is impatient to play its part in the western world, a rôle that cannot be left to another to enact. How, then, may we secure the adjuncts essential to the needs of a mighty nation, bristling with twentieth-century initiative and impulses, while having for southern neighbors islands characterized by habits of the Middle Ages, and convulsive mainland countries as unprogressive as they were centuries ago?

Control of a great harbor in the Antilles, where we could establish an important naval station, with every modern ramification, would go far to secure to our government the means for effectively discharging responsibilities it has no mind to shirk. There is such a harbor, less than two hours' steaming distance from Porto Rico, which in our hands would be the key to a control over a vast area. For half a century, acquisition of this coign of vantage has been a subject of negotiation, off and on, between the Dominican government and Washington authorities. Great soldiers, gifted with foresight, have told our government that, sooner or later, we must control Samana Bay.

Captain (afterwards General) McClellan was sent in 1854 by the War Department to study the military advantages of the harbor, and his report was enthusiastically favorable. Under resolution of Congress, approved January 12th, 1871, President Grant sent three commissioners to inquire into the conditions and resources of Santo Domingo, with reference to its annexation by the United States. It was stated in and out of Congress that Samana Bay was the real object of the commission's inquiry. A great majority of the inhabitants of the island republic had asked the United States to annex Santo Domingo. The report of the commission was favorable to annexation, but Congress failed to take action on the report. We had not then embarked on the possession of island colonies, our navy was small, and possibly

there were grounds for suspecting that there was a "job" behind the proposal to Uncle Sam to annex a negro republic, whose people spoke another language.

In 1874, Samana Bay was formally ceded to a private corporation formed in the United States, but a year later all rights of the company lapsed because of non-payment of rent.

Considered strategically, commercially, or from any point of view, Samana Bay is the most advantageous position in the West Indies, experts are agreed. It is thirty miles long by about ten wide, and is capable of accommodating the largest fleets and ships of the greatest depth; it is well sheltered against all winds, especially those from the north and northeast, which are the most prevalent, by the Samana peninsula. The entrance to the bay is somewhat narrow, as if planned by nature for a national stronghold, but is free from rocks and shoals. Samana Bay commands the most important avenue from the Atlantic to the Caribbean. When the canal is completed, the world's shipping will constantly pass the coast of Santo Domingo, and the Mona Passage will be employed probably by half the traffic passing to and from European ports.

Naval men and soldiers having intimate acquaintance with Samana Bay, state that it could be readily adapted to the uses of a naval station which would eclipse in strength and importance those of Great Britain at Bermuda, St. Lucia and Barbados, and of France at Fort de France, combined. An American commission, including officers of the army and navy, should have little difficulty in securing to the United States upon equitable terms this Santo Domingo harbor, by means of which, with outlying coaling stations and neighboring harbors under the Stars and Stripes, the Caribbean might be transformed into the equivalent of an American lake.

The United States cannot always remain blind to conditions in Hayti and Santo Domingo, however—conditions at times too horrible to be tolerated. The application of enough force to restore order in both divisions of the island may at any moment be demanded. The tone of the European press some months ago, when a German cruiser destroyed a rebel Haytian gunboat that had despoiled a German merchant of a supply of arms, emphasized European amazement that Uncle Sam permitted disorders almost perennial in his island neighbor.

There are also cogent reasons why we should have the Danish islands. Combined with the United States West Indies—strange phrase, this—their possession would extend our control to everything worth owning in the Virgin group, where our flag floats over Porto Rico, Culebra, Mona, and Vieques, and in case of war give us practical domination of the Virgin channel, a much used highway between the Atlantic and the Caribbean. Culebra being already a naval base of our government, with the proprietorship of St. Thomas harbor on the east and of Porto Rican harbors on the west, our forces would be ideally placed for maintaining control over a considerable expanse. For simplicity and inexpensiveness of administration, the Danish islands might be included in the governorship of Porto Rico.

When the Danish upper house defeated the treaty transferring the islands of St. Thomas, St. Croix and St. John to the United States, the matter was not permanently settled, apparently, for many Danish commercial men tell us that the subject will be called up afresh within a few years, when cession to America will most likely be voted. The news of the defeat of the treaty by a tie vote was received in the islands as sad information; business there has been paralyzed ever since, and hundreds of residents in their discouragement have emigrated to Europe or to the United States.

The industry of St. Croix being sugar-producing, and a considerable part of the island being owned by Americans, the sentiment for annexation is nearly unanimous. In St. Thomas, almost every one interested in trade is praying for transfer of the group to the Stars and Stripes. Sparsely settled, and having little traffic with the outer world, St. John may be indifferent to the issue. In St. Thomas and St. Croix, many representatives of old Danish families, some being functionaries of the government, openly favor transfer to the United States. Until an imperative order was issued a few months since against the practice, American flags protruded from hundreds of windows in Fredrikstadt and Christianstadt.

It is explained that the pride of the Danish royal family, which through its members is connected with every European court, was responsible for the defeat of the treaty. King Christian's family brought every influence, sentimental, social and political, to bear upon the issue. It is readily understood that there can be no

more unpopular incident in a sovereign's reign than contraction of national domain, for monarchs are born expansionists. Prince Waldemar sent even moribund legislators to the Landsting to vote against the treaty. The real sufferers from Waldemar's activity were the islanders, for Denmark has neither the capital nor the prestige to develop fully the resources of the islands.

A foolish rumor found publicity, here and abroad, that the German Emperor caused the defeat of the Danish treaty. If the northern kingdom should ever become a part of Germany, it was said, the Emperor would achieve one of the controlling ambitions of his life—the securing of insular possessions, with coaling stations, in this hemisphere. If the war-lord of Germany gave the subject a thought, his intuition must have told him there could be no speedier way of precipitating a conflict with Uncle Sam. In all likelihood he paid not the slightest heed to the Danish-American negotiations. It is known in every Foreign Office in the Old World that the United States in Clay's time—before the Monroe Doctrine was clothed with its present force—*informed* Spain that she must not transfer Cuba to any European Power; and that Holland was later advised that Curacao must not be the subject of negotiation with European governments.

Not infrequently we read of Bismarck's "stupendous blunder," when he forced France to relinquish Alsace and Lorraine to Germany, instead of taking Martinique and Guadeloupe, on this side of the globe, with their harbors adaptable to naval and military bases. One has to investigate but briefly to learn why Bismarck did not seek to change the nationality of West Indian islands. Diplomatic astuteness was a Bismarckian characteristic.

Five million dollars is a very modest price for the Danish islands, when it is recognized that they would form a link in the chain of defences of the canal. Military opinion is to the effect that St. Thomas would be more valuable in this connection than Porto Rico. A moderate expenditure would double the size of St. Thomas harbor and place its usefulness before that of San Juan in Porto Rico. Primarily, it is the harbor of St. Thomas that we want from Denmark; but under our rule the success of Porto Rico could be reproduced in each of the islands.

The purchase of the Danish group would eliminate voluntarily a European Power from this hemisphere, leaving Great Britain, France and Holland in possession of Western World territory; and

fate will doubtless decree that we shall have them for friendly neighbors for a considerable period; but the passing of time will bring every West Indian island, not governing itself, to the great American republic. Portugal and Spain once were potent factors on this side of the Atlantic, let it be remembered. In a message to Congress in 1870 President Grant said:

"The time is probably not far distant when, in the natural course of events, the European political connection with this continent will cease."

Hamilton Fish, as Secretary of State, in a communication to Congress, likewise in 1870, went further, and said:

"The policy announced by Monroe looks hopefully to the time when, by the voluntary departure of European governments from this continent and adjacent islands, America shall be wholly American."

In this connection it is interesting to study the list of West-Indian islands (Bermudas not included), unimportant islets being omitted, belonging to European powers:

British:	Danish:
Jamaica.	St. Croix.
Turks and Caicos groups.	St. Thomas.
Bahamas.	St. John.
Antigua.	French:
Montserrat.	Martinique.
Nevis.	Guadaloupe.
St. Christopher.	Deseada.
Dominica.	Maria Galanta.
Virgin and Cayman groups.	Les Saintes.
Grenada.	St. Bartholomew.
St. Vincent.	Dutch:
St. Lucia.	St. Eustatius.
Barbados.	Saba.
Trinidad and Tobago.	Bonaire.
French and Dutch jointly:	Curacao.
St. Martin.	Aruba.

Nearly all these islands with historical names are charges upon the treasuries of home countries, their aggregate yearly deficit being considerable. Were they branch establishments of a prudently managed commercial undertaking, they would long since have been abandoned as the penalty of being unable to pay their way. But being over-sea appanages of European governments, failure to be self-supporting becomes merely an incident in a scheme of national administration, at times possibly forcing explanations from the ministry, but soon forgotten.

Collapse in the sugar industry has changed the condition of affairs in the islands, from showing a bountiful profit to a yearly deficit. Extended production of cane in many parts of the world, the amazing development of beet-sugar cultivation in the United States and in Europe, and the bounty system of Germany, have transformed the West-Indian planter from nabob to pauper. He used to be absent from his plantations because he preferred living in a Scotch castle or a château in France, leaving agents to look after his insular interests; if he is now absent, sorry to say, it is most likely because he dreads facing his creditors. The decay of the sugar industry is a gloomy chapter in West-Indian history. Perceiving its approach, Trinidad found a substitute crop to some extent in cacao. In some of the British islands it is hoped that sisal hemp may bring the means of subsistence; and here and there various makeshift crops are being tried with the object of staying off commercial ruin. Jamaica is finding encouragement in the trade in bananas with the United States; but an unfriendly line in a new tariff bill would strangle the industry. Business stagnation breeds discontent among natives, and as a panacea they pray for Uncle Sam to come to their islands. The United States has not suffered by the penetration to every island village of the news of Porto Rican prosperity.

French statesmen feel that they can afford to keep their islands going by drafts on the home exchequer for the renown of La Belle France, if for no other reason. Some of these statesmen regard their naval base at Fort de France to be worth a dozen times the annual cost of maintaining the islands. Great Britain hopes against hope each year that improvement may come in the sugar industry, or that an experimental crop may "catch on"—and thinks of the profit when raw sugar was worth five pence a pound.

Last year the revenue of the several British West-Indian administrations was \$167,000 less than expenditures, and imports exceeded exports by \$1,404,000. The preponderating bulk of trade is not with England, but with the United States, for this country purchased exports of the islands to the amount of £4,581,964, as against exports to Great Britain of the value of £1,839,479. Practically everything consumed by the British West-Indian, not home grown, is imported from the States. To dominate the trade of the islands—which we already do—is all that

commercial America should at present aspire to. We can never voluntarily admit their sugar without duty, nor seek to take their black inhabitants into our political family. The harbors of some of the British islands, with coaling station advantages, might find a place in the scheme of American expansion, but are not essential.

Strategists are positive that, with a great naval depot on Samana Bay, possession of St. Thomas harbor, the Porto Rican harbors, Culebra, and the coaling stations at Bahia Honda and Guantanamo in Cuba, the strategical advantage of the United States in defending the main approaches to the Caribbean, the Gulf of Mexico, and the Panama Canal, in case of war, would be well-nigh perfect. The Windward and Mona channels, leading to the Caribbean, as well as the St. Nicholas and Yucatan channels, leading to the Gulf, could then be patrolled and defended in a manner which would make it extremely difficult for a half-spent European fleet to penetrate our cordon.

Completion of the ramifications requisite for this vast cordon, ranging from the Virgin passage to the westernmost tip of Cuba, a distance of twelve hundred miles, seems more than feasible. A reasonable amount of cash would doubtless secure from the Santo Dominicans a long lease with jurisdiction over Samana Bay. The great harbor can be turned into a productive asset only by assigning its use to Uncle Sam. The Danish negotiation is regarded by few as permanently ended.

It is not alone the repelling of European fleets, or the ability to repel them, that should guide the American government in rounding out its sphere of power to the southward, but the ability to exercise beneficent rule over the Caribbean Sea and its islands and mainland coasts. To be prepared is ever prudent; but let us hope that our guns may never again be directed against a European foe. The immediate concern of Uncle Sam is so to perfect his resources and West-Indian footholds that he may forever defend the approaches to the canal, exert a control over Hayti, Santo Domingo, the Central-American republics, and those of South America bordering on the Caribbean, amounting to the policing of them, by compelling reasonable order in all. If we neglect this duty, other nations may insist on performing it—and then the Monroe Doctrine would draw the United States into serious strife. Roystering of revolutionists along the Spanish

Main, and elsewhere in the Caribbean zone, must be stopped. A canal open to universal use, but owned by the United States government, makes this obligatory. Our government could probably bring about a state of peace without recourse to force that in time would become chronic.

Within a year and a half at least six of our southern neighbors have had serious revolutions on hand, and our war-ships have been hurried from one storm centre to another to exert a pacifying influence, to guard traffic, or to protect American consulates and commercial interests.

We must not permit Latin-American adventurers and dictators to look upon the Monroe Doctrine as a cloak for specious dealings with Europeans, but make it plain that the United States government will not stand between them and the penalties which their misconduct invites. The United States cannot expect European governments to respect the Monroe Doctrine unless we are prepared to play the part of policeman and keep some sort of order in near-by Latin-American states.

Humane conditions in the island which is politically divided into Hayti and Santo Domingo cannot forever be overlooked by the United States. Santo Domingo is the nearest neighbor of our model Porto Rico, and Hayti is separated from our Cuban wards by but a few miles of water.

These black republics probably represent the lowest civilization to be found in our hemisphere.

Our concern in the welfare of the Cubans left nothing wanting. But here is an island, almost within cannon-shot of United States soil, where moral conditions are worse than they were in Cuba, where bloodshed is almost constant, where political power is wielded largely by fetich priests and voodoo worshippers. Cannibalism is there, too, associated with what pretends to be a religious observance. Misrule, waste and rapine dominate this island neighbor, fertile and beautiful enough to amaze the visitor. If a European government went to Hayti or Santo Domingo and fired a shot, Uncle Sam would be there in a jiffy prepared to enforce the Monroe Doctrine. But no outsider is going to interfere in these independent republics, for foreign Powers cannot be made to take a benevolent interest in an island where the Doctrine warns them to observe the rule of "hands off." Sooner or later, Uncle Sam must perform the Christian task of pointing

to these the way to better government. To a great people schooled in dealing with problems of the negro race, the task should not be difficult. How it is to be accomplished is more than a layman can say; but the strong have ever been able to incline the weak without resort to force; and moral suasion has not lost its potency. The Washington administration, supported by a few candid utterances of Congress, might devise means that would influence the conduct of native leaders in the island, to the extent of making peaceful industry more popular than it now is. It would not be unbecoming were the United States to give the islanders administrative assistance, making it clear that improvement in insular affairs must follow. Samana Bay, leased or ceded to the American government, and active with the adjuncts of a naval station, would unquestionably exert an influence for good that would extend to the Haytian division of the island.

An overwhelming body of conservative Americans want to see the United States remain pre-eminent as a trading nation. To them the possession of an invincible fleet promises commercial prowess only. It is an irony of fate that this prowess cannot be wholly based upon ability to produce commodities well and cheaply. The cardinal purpose of the Panama Canal is the furtherance of American trade, the creation of new markets for our products. Facility in transferring war-ships from one ocean to another is but an incident in the scheme; but the war-vessel and the sailor and the soldier in these modern days must be the forerunners of trade outside our own territory. There are writers in our land who have always pronounced as fantastic the association of sea-power with the securing of foreign markets. But Great Britain, generations since, proved that trade follows the flag, and Germany is a firm believer in the principle. The Isthmian canal will make the United States the trade arbiter of the world.

And the measure to result from dominion over the Caribbean, aside from its moral benefits, can be nothing but exploitation of trade. The time was never so propitious for establishing closer relations with Central and South America. Our keenest business competitors, England and Germany, have lost their prestige throughout Spanish America, while our influence was never greater. Bullying tactics in the Venezuelan imbroglio alienated many friendships; whether England and Germany were justi-

fied in their acts is immaterial to the question. The trade of all Latin-America can readily be secured by United States manufacturers and merchants, and retained indefinitely. German goods never had high standing in South America; now they are almost boycotted. British products, while better regarded, have a waning sale.

President Roosevelt's reiteration that the United States will permit no European Power to adopt measures that would result in giving it control in a South or Central-American country, is a qualification of the Monroe Doctrine second only to the vigorous pronouncement of President Cleveland. Consequently, the time is opportune for securing markets in the southern republics. Secretary Blaine knew how valuable they would be to our manufacturers; and Senator Cullom has voiced a volume of Congressional sentiment in the same direction by his statements in the Senate. Our trade in Caribbean islands and countries is gradually increasing, but persistent and systematic work for a few years would bring a doubled reward. When the canal is completed, the trade of the rich west coast of South America may be wrested from European nations. We get small share of it now.

We want the trade of South America, though political control over a foot of its soil is never to be thought of; and when secured, we should give it such vigilant attention as to make it next to hopeless for rivals to again dispute the field with us. The situation is, to a great extent, one of example and confidence; when Latin-American countries are convinced of our wish to bring about a better understanding of commercial conditions and relations, and we send honorable business agents to them, rather than irresponsible harpies, we shall not find them unresponsive. This understanding reached, based upon confidence, American money would gladly develop Latin-American railroads and other forms of communication, mines and agricultural resources—and banks admitting of transactions independent of London, Paris and Hamburg. The latent resources of Venezuela and Colombia alone are, doubtless, sufficient to satisfy any reasonable appetite that northern capital may have for over-sea adventure.

Let the United States shine resplendent as a "World Power" by leading in commerce, and thus give the phrase a meaning characteristically American! FREDERIC COURTLAND PENFIELD.

THE POETRY AND POETS OF AMERICA.—I.

BY CHURTON COLLINS.

THERE goes a story—I had it, if I remember rightly, from the late Professor Nichol—that the editor of the “Golden Treasury of English Poetry” was asked by an American lady why he did not supplement that work by a Golden Treasury of American Poetry. “American poetry!” he exclaimed with supercilious surprise. “Why, who are your poets?” “Well, among others,” she replied, “we have Chaucer, Shakespeare and Milton.” It was a retort as fair as it was wise; no paradox, though it seems one; not wit, but truth. And although a review of American poetry is necessarily concerned only with the “others” referred to, we cannot insist too strongly on the relation of those others to the patriarchs of Anglo-Saxon song—on the essential unity of almost all of what finds expression in the poetry of England and in the poetry of America, in the genius which inspires both, in the art which informs both. The great schism of 1776 was our own mad work. A war, as purely internecine as that in which the Roundheads and Cavaliers confronted each other at Marston Moor and Naseby, was forced on the descendants of both in another hemisphere. The sword, once drawn, was not sheathed till England was humiliated and America independent. What followed, followed inevitably. With the Atlantic intervening, with the Puritan and republican elements in overwhelming ascendancy, with colossal potentialities of expansion and development, with much that was irreconcilable with subordination to the Mother Country rapidly defining itself, reunion under a common flag, even had it been desired, became impossible. But, if the effect of the great schism was, during many years, to alienate, to canker; if it sowed the seeds of all that has since resulted from mutual mistrust and jealousy, from conflicting interests, from rival aims and com-

petitive ambition, it has never extended to what constitutes the bond of bonds—the inheritance of common blood, of common creeds political as well as religious, of a common language, of a common literature.

“O Englishmen! in hope and creed,
In blood and tongue, our brothers,
We too are heirs of Runnymede;
And Shakespeare’s fame and Cromwell’s deed
Are not alone our mother’s.”

In these words, Whittier gave expression to sentiments which perhaps appealed more directly to his fellow countrymen generally fifty years ago than they do to-day; but to-day and for all time will they find response, will they be very creed, wherever the humanities prevail.

In estimating the achievement of America in poetry, it is very necessary to bear all this in mind. It is not by regarding it as a rival counterpart of our own, which in some respects it is, and by continually instituting, either directly or tacitly, comparisons and parallels with its English archetypes and analogues, which it necessarily does invite, that we can possibly do it justice. For by such a method the whole focus of criticism is deranged. We expect more than it is reasonable to expect, and are disappointed; we find much for which our criteria are insufficient, and are perplexed. And the English people have not done justice to the poetry of America. Our leading critics have always regarded it pretty much as the Greek critics regarded the poetry of the Romans; for what was indigenous in it they had no taste, from what reminded them of their own artists they turned with contemptuous indifference. The silence of Dionysius and Longinus about the poems which are the glory of Roman literature, is not only exactly analogous to the silence of Arnold, Pater and their schools about the poems which are the pride of Transatlantic literature, but it sprang from the same causes. Where originality existed, it was originality which did not appeal to them; where comparison with the genius and art with which they were familiar, and from which their own touchstones and standards were derived, was challenged or could be instituted, sensibly or insensibly it was instituted, and inferiority stood revealed. A Greek who expected from Horace what he found in Sappho and Pindar,

and an Englishman who expects from Bryant and Longfellow what he finds in Wordsworth and Tennyson, might be forgiven for being disappointed. But, for all that, Horace is Horace, and Bryant and Longfellow are true poets.

Two other causes have contributed to the underestimation of American poetry in England, and for one of them the Americans themselves are, I fear, responsible. I mean the prominence which has unhappily been given to what is essentially mediocre and inferior, sometimes by indiscreet and absurd eulogy, and sometimes by associating it in Anthologies and Critiques with what is excellent. We find, for instance, in Mr. Tyler's otherwise excellent "Literary History of the American Revolution" a lamentable want of balance wherever poetry is in question; ballads and political songs bad enough for the bellman, are described as worthy of Tyrtæus; lyrics and other poems which never, even at their best, have any other than historical interest, are praised in terms which would be exaggerated if applied to the poetry of great masters. No critic could mention the name of Mr. Stedman without profound respect for his immense knowledge and his sound judgment; but I venture to think that the scale on which his justly celebrated "Anthology" is planned has been signally unfortunate for the promotion of his object—namely, to bring home to the English-speaking race the merits of American poetry. Most people will, I fear, lay it down with something of the impression with which the weary scholar closes thankfully the tomes of the *Poetae Latini Minores*, so immensely does what is commonplace and of every degree of mediocrity predominate over what has merit and distinction. Had Mr. Stedman confined his plan, I cannot forbear adding, to the inclusion of the best, and the best only, he would have had no difficulty in finding material for a golden volume. As it is, his collection is only likely to confirm the impression which it was his desire to correct.

Another cause affecting the reputation of American poetry in England, is the prominence which has been given, not to what represents it at its best or in relation to its finer qualities, but to what appeals to the multitude. "The Raven" and "The Bells" are anything but typical of the peculiar genius of Poe; but "The Raven" and "The Bells" have overshadowed everything else which he has written in verse. Neither Bryant nor Whittier has fared any better; what is most commonplace in them has been

most popular. Lowell's fame rests almost entirely on what is most broadly humorous in the "Biglow Papers." Holmes is associated with comical trifles like "The One Horse Shay," as Bret Harte is with "Truthful James" and "The Heathen Chinee." Longfellow has been designated the "Laureate of the Middle Classes," and every one knows what that implies. Nor is this all. In many, and perhaps in many more than we suspect, the impression made by the aggressive eccentricities of Whitman and his school, on the one hand, and the florid extravagance of the school of Joaquin Miller, on the other, has so predominated over the impression made by the true masters of American song, that work as little representative of what is best in American poetry as it is of what is best in our own poetry has come to be regarded as essentially typical. And so it is, and from these causes chiefly, England, as a nation, has not done justice to American poetry.

To a survey of that poetry, a brief sketch of its origin and early history is a necessary prelude; for its characteristics are to be traced to conditions and circumstances long preceding its articulate expression. Schiller, in a famous lyric, has described the austerities amid which the German muse was cradled and nurtured, and attributed its lofty spirit to their severe discipline; but it was amid austerities sterner still that the American muse was cradled and nurtured. In the zenith of our own Golden Age of poetry and letters, when Shakespeare had just finished "King Lear" and Bacon was meditating the "Instauratio Magna," the first pioneers of American civilization landed at Jamestown. Michael Drayton in a hearty and spirited ode had bade them God-speed, and blended with his blessing a prophecy that the New World would not be without its bards. But upwards of a hundred and sixty years were to pass before that prophecy was even partially to be fulfilled. During those years, it would be scarcely possible to conceive conditions more unpropitious to the production of poetry, or more propitious to the development of those heroic virtues which poetry loves to celebrate, and of that "character," as Emerson calls it, which is the noblest substratum of poetry itself. The fragment of Percy, and the narratives of Captain John Smith and of William Strachey, record the storm and stress of the early part of this period, the period which witnessed the settlement of Virginia. Then came the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, and, amid hardships unspeakable, preceding and

ensuing, the foundation of New Plymouth. With the foundation of Massachusetts which followed, began the history of all that is implied and involved in the establishment and constitution of New England. In the South, also, there had been the same activity. The colonization of Virginia had been succeeded by the foundation of Maryland and the two Carolinas. Round the Delaware, New York and Chesapeake Bays the Middle States had been gradually formed.

All this had been a work of Herculean labor, absorbing every energy and taxing to the uttermost man's powers of effort and endurance. Forests had to be cleared; marshes to be drained; the savage aborigines to be kept at bay. Carrying their lives in their hands, inured to privation and distress in their severest forms, these hardy and dauntless adventurers lived daily face to face with the grimmest realities of life. The toil of the pioneer accomplished, other toils not less arduous and incessant awaited them in the duties incumbent on the citizens of infant States, the duties of the builder, the agriculturist, the legislator. Then came the wars with the Indians. Incessantly harassed by the raids of these murderous enemies always on the watch for mischief and assassination, in 1637 they brought the first of these wars to a climax, by the annihilation of the Pequots, men, women and children, a scene of almost unparalleled horror. Still more terrible was the second war in 1674, which lasted two years, and in which Massachusetts was overrun by the savages, some eighty towns raided, some twelve totally destroyed, and ten per cent. of the men of military age either killed outright, or dragged off to a death of agony by torture. Nothing in history is more thrilling than some of the contemporary narratives which place us in the midst of these frightful experiences of the Fathers of Virginia and of New England.

In this iron school was tempered the character of the forefathers of those who were to create American literature. Nor must we forget who these men originally were. However mixed was the population of the States in the South and of the middle group, the founders of New England were almost entirely what that name implies—Englishmen: but they were Englishmen of a peculiar type. The first emigrants had quitted Europe because of their dissatisfaction with the regulations and ritual of the Established Church. The successive emigrants between 1630 and

1640 consisted of those who, despairing of the cause of religious and civil liberty under Charles I., had left the Mother Country in impatient indignation, to realize what they desired in a community of their own founding. In spite of many differences of opinion, all these men, like their brother Puritans in England, had a common character. In their religious convictions enthusiasts and fanatics, with the Bible and the Bible only as their guide and rule, they sought in its precepts and in its examples all that they desired to learn and all that they aspired to become. Almost everything they did, almost everything they meditated, took its play and its color from this enthusiasm. But the gracious philanthropy of the New Testament appealed to them far less than the sterner teachings of the Old. Here they found justification for the fierce intolerance which, in their uncompromising creed, ranked with the cardinal virtues; for the rancor with which they regarded the enemies of God; and for the many ruthless deeds which were, no doubt, forced upon them, but which appear to have cost them so little compunction. And here, too, they found the patterns on which their lives were fashioned, individually as well as collectively. Never since the days of the Patriarchs did men live, in a sense so literally true, "as ever in their great Task-master's eye," or find such sustainment in simple faith.

To enter their homes is like finding ourselves in the world of the Chosen People. Each busy day, each frugal meal, opened and closed with prayer. Next to God, in a child's eyes, stood his parents, and next to his parents, his elders. Frivolity, irreverence were almost unknown, and anything approaching to their expression, either in word or act, was set down with a severity strangely out of proportion to the offence. To be abstemious and chaste, to speak the truth at any cost and under any stress, to regard the world's gauds and the world's honors with contempt, to be patient in tribulation and sober in prosperity, to recognize in conscience the veritable voice of the Almighty and the obligation to obey that voice as man's paramount duty—all this was of the essence of their ethics. Public life had the same cast. Their very government was a theocracy. At the head of it the God of Christian faith, its magistrates His servants, its citizens those only who had been initiated through Baptism and the reception of the Lord's Supper. In Virginia, indeed, the other distributing centre of the

English race, becoming as it did an asylum for Cavaliers, broken aristocrats, and Church of England men, society and the temper of those who composed it presented a remarkable contrast to all this. But, mighty as the part has been which Virginia has played in politics, in war, and in commerce, she has been no factor in the spiritual and intellectual life of America, which was to take its ply from her austerer sons.

Thus was produced, partly from what was inherited from their forefathers, and partly from what was the result of the long probation and discipline of those iron times, a race of men the like of which this world has never seen. Indelible is the impression which they have made on all who have contributed, and on all which has been contributed, either in politics or in literature, to the glory of America. We trace their lineaments in every great statesman and in every great soldier who has succeeded them in the Western World, whether from the South or from the North. Their purity, their earnestness, their simplicity, the noble ardor of their love of liberty, their God-fearing spirit and profound sense of man's religious and moral responsibilities, permeate, or if they do not permeate, at least color, almost every characteristic contribution either in verse or prose to American literature. Even where their theology had ceased to appeal, and the light had faded out of Puritan orthodoxy, Puritan ethics and the Puritan temper still prevailed. Franklin, Emerson and Hawthorne were as essentially the offspring of these men as William Bradford and Thomas Hooker were their representatives. When poetry woke, and it was long before it woke, it was their soul which suffused it. Their soul has suffused it ever since.

To the influence of these silent forefathers, American poetry owes its distinguishing notes; it has them in common with the characteristic poetry of Germany—its simplicity, its purity, its wholesomeness. No American poet has ever dared, or perhaps even desired, to do what, to the shame of England and France, their poets have so often done—what is mourned by Dryden:

"O gracious God! how oft have we
Profan'd Thy heavenly gift of Poesy,
Made prostitute and profligate the muse
Debas'd to each obscene and impious use."

We should search in vain through the voluminous records of American song for a poem by any poet of note or merit, with one

exception who is an exception in everything, glorifying animalism or blasphemy, or attempting to throw a glamor over impurity and vice.

But the men to whom American poetry was to owe so much contributed, as might have been expected, nothing to its treasures. There came over with them more than one distinguished scholar, and many who either were, or were to become, theologians of eminence; men, too, full of enthusiasm for education, to whom America owes her first schools, her first libraries, her first university; but no one, with the solitary exception of George Sandys, who carried in him the seeds of poetry.

Nor was the period which succeeded the establishment of the new communities more propitious to literary activity. Constant friction with England, chiefly in connection with the royal governors, constant disputes among the States about boundaries, and with the aborigines about commercial affairs—these were their occupations. Then came the coalition with Great Britain against the French and their Indian allies—a momentous crisis, culminating in the conquest of Canada and the preservation of the Colonies from subjection to France. Seven years afterwards followed the epoch-making Revolution which transformed Anglo-America from a congeries of scattered communities into a mighty nation, and which for a time effectually hushed everything except the voice of the orator, the tumult of debate, the roar of cannon and the myriad clamor of the popular press. That story need not be told here; it is a story no Englishman will ever love to tell or to remember. To America, it was all that Marathon and Salamis were temporarily to Hellas; all that the loss of her Continental possessions was, permanently, to England. Regarded in relation to its effects, immediate and subsequent, and in relation to its examples and its lessons, it is perhaps the greatest single event in the history of mankind. That it should not have awakened the American muse seems at first sight surprising, for it opened every spring of poetic inspiration. It appealed, and appealed thrillingly, to passion, to sentiment, to imagination. In no lyric ever burned more fire than glowed in the speeches of Patrick Henry, of James Otis, of Richard Henry Lee, of Alexander Hamilton. No epic has celebrated scenes which surpass in impressiveness and picturesqueness the scenes which America witnessed between 1775 and 1782, or idealized heroes of nobler and

grander moral temper than those who shaped the destinies of the Western World at that tremendous crisis,—names as deathless as the archetypal virtues of which they were the embodiment.

Still lyric, still epic, still poetry in every form of its genuine expression, slept. But, if we reflect, this need not surprise us. Wordsworth has admirably defined poetry as emotion recollected in tranquillity. As the men who make history seldom write it, so, when poetry is expressing itself in action, it has little need to express itself in words. The achievements and character of those who welded America into a nation were of a piece with all that had originally fashioned, moulded and preserved the several communities now federated. Both were works to which every citizen contributed, and in which every citizen took absorbing interest. As a rule, the Puritan despised poetry, even when he had leisure for it. Hymns and Biblical paraphrases, indeed, he tolerated, patronized and, if he had the ability, produced; but when it went beyond these it became vanity, and his sympathy with it ceased. What need of poetry to inspire, when the voice of Duty, when the voice of God Himself, was calling? Of what worth the tribute of song to “live battle odes, whose lines were steel and fire”; the homage of mere æsthetic appreciation to virtues so practical, to achievements so real? But there was another reason, and perhaps the chief one, for the silence of song. The triumph of the warrior and of the statesman could have seemed no triumph to the poet. To him England was all that Athens, all that Rome, had been to his brethren in ancient times, the object of his profoundest reverence, of his fondest affection, the consecrated home of the lords of his art, and fraught with memories inexpressibly dear. Before, an exile, he was now an alien. Nothing, then, can be more natural than that this revolution should have failed to awaken poetry.

The poetry which the Revolution could not inspire was not likely to be inspired by the period which immediately succeeded. The history of America between 1782 and 1820 is the history of the most distracted time in her annals. All was fever, all was tumult. The old world was passing away, the new world had not defined itself. While the fierce conflicts between Federalists and Democrats tore and perplexed her central councils, dividing the whole Republic into hostile camps, feuds and disputes peculiar to themselves kept the separate States in constant turmoil. The

alliance against England, instead of conducing to permanent harmony, seemed only to have the effect of accentuating their differences. To all these distractions were added the distractions involved by America's association with that mighty European revolution, the torch of which had been lighted by her own; by the relations with Napoleon, by the second war with Great Britain. The termination of that war in 1814 marks no epoch in American history, but it ushered in the period which witnessed the birth of her Poetry, not in the historical, but in the true, sense of the term.

And now we may briefly review, for no sketch of the history of American poetry would be satisfactory without such a review, what had been produced during the period which I have described. Nothing more deplorable than the verses which have come down to us from the earliest colonists and from the ante-Revolutionary age could be conceived. They consist chiefly of paraphrases of the Psalms, such as find expression in such doggerel as the "Bay Psalm-Book," of descriptive poems and of miscellaneous trifles of a serious cast, and were the work, generally speaking, of Puritan divines, schoolmasters, and governors. They may be dismissed without ceremony; for to settle the relative proportion of worthlessness between Benjamin Thomson, Mather Byles, Michael Wigglesworth, Nathaniel Evans and Mrs. Anne Bradstreet, the "mirror of her age," as, unhappily, in poetry she was, would indeed be a futile task. A little later we find a group of versifiers who, in their several ways, almost rise to the dignity of mediocrity. Such would be John Trumbull, who began his career with a poem bearing the ominous title of the "Progress of Dulness," but whose "Mc Fingal" is a very respectable imitation of Hudibras, containing original touches not unworthy of its model. Timothy Dwight, who, under the guise of independence, sometimes echoes Pope, sometimes Beattie, sometimes Cowper, but who in another strain produced a spirited lyric "Columbia," which long endeared his name to his countrymen, and in one of his poems stumbled on a few lines which pleased Cowper.

No such exploit enlivens the intolerable epic and the still more intolerable mock heroic, the "Columbia" and "Hasty Pudding," of Joel Barlow, in the first of which he certainly disputes the palm of somniferousness with our own Blackmore. Nor can anything be said for the smooth platitudes of Alsop, of Honeywood,

and of Clifton. One poet only in this period had a touch of true genius; and he was, as his name implies, of French extraction. In the too voluminous poetry of Philip Freneau there are a few flowers, somewhat wan and frail it is true, but worth gathering. There is a note of distinction in the verses "To Neversink Heights," "To the Dying Indian," "The Indian Burying-ground,"—a line from which Campbell condescended to appropriate,—and in the verses to "The Hurricane," but he is never sure and often trivial and commonplace.

The numerous patriotic songs inspired by the struggles with England and the realization of American nationality, such as Robert Treat Paine's "Adams and Liberty," Hopkinson's "Hail Columbia," the anonymous "Yankee Man-of-War" and Key's "Star-spangled Banner," are not without ring and lilt, but owe their charm chiefly to their sentiment. To one of them higher praise than this is due. "The American Flag" of Joseph Rodman Drake is noble rhetoric, a little strained, perhaps, but instinct with true enthusiasm.

And now, with surprising rapidity, these matin chirps became full quire. As we advance in the second quarter of the century, our ears are almost deafened by the chorus of songsters which greet us on all sides, some from the Southern, some from the Middle, some from the Northern States. This activity is, no doubt, to be traced mainly to the progress of education and culture, for which there was more leisure, and which had flourishing centres at the universities. The result of this was that the poetry of England was studied with sympathy and enthusiasm, and the natural consequence was imitation. Young men acquired the same facility in composing English verses, almost indistinguishable, so far as form was concerned, from their originals, as clever undergraduates at Oxford and Cambridge composed Ovidian elegiacs and Virgilian hexameters. As these imitations were occasionally produced, not merely by men of talent and of such accomplishments as memory and industry can acquire, but by men of sensibility, with some of the qualities of genius, and even a spark of genius itself, some of this poetry, if only just rising above mediocrity, is far from contemptible. It is most interesting when it is touched with what is essentially native, with ancestral moral enthusiasm, with character, with the impressions made by American tradition, scenery and life; in other words, where it

differentiates itself from English models. Mere imitation, with nothing superinduced, is perhaps most conspicuous in Hillhouse's stilted and wretched concoction in travesty from Milton, Young and Pollock; in Sprague's bombastic Pindarics and parrot echoes of the heroics of Pope's school; and in others, who need not be specified. In Allston, in Pierpont, in Brainard, and in Percival, we have the most conspicuous and most comprehensive representatives of the poetry of the best culture, though the last two are unconscionably careless and diffuse in style, while the best poem of the first, "The Sylphs of the Seasons," is too much an echo of Burns's "Vision." Carlos Wilcox, though his blank verse, which is a bad imitation of Thomson's, is intolerable, deserves notice for his minute and accurate description of nature, closely recalling, as Street did afterwards, our own Richard Jefferies's prose studies. In Paulding, Halleck, Drake and John Howard Payne, the author of the world-famous lyric, "Home, Sweet Home," native elements predominate over external; and they all, in their several ways, assisted the development of the Home school. Paulding is better known by his prose writings; but his "Backwoodsman," written in smooth and musical heroics, contains very pleasing descriptions of American scenery, and his "Old Man's Carousal" has long been, and justly, a favorite. Halleck's spirited historical ballad, "Marco Bozzaris," recalls Byron, his "Alnwick Castle" Scott, but worthily and in no servile way; while his "Burns," his "Redjacket," his ballads written in conjunction with Drake, his vigorous *vers de société* and his "Fanny" at least prove his versatility; but we can hardly feel with Whittier that he has consecrated New York, and that "shady square and dusty street are classic ground for him." The "American Flag" will long preserve the memory of Drake, and his "Culprit Fay," though too evidently showing the blended influence of Scott, Coleridge and Moore to be entitled to the praise of originality, was considered at the time of its appearance a remarkable production. Dana's wild poem the "Buccaneer" struck a new note of the Monk Lewis order, and there was originality, though of a somewhat tawdry kind, in Maria Brooks's "Zophiël," a poetess so unaccountably pronounced by Southey to be "the most impassioned and the most imaginative of all poetesses." Of the many disciples of Mrs. Hemans and Miss Landon flourishing at this time, Lydia Sigourney stands alone. It is not fashionable to praise Mrs. Hemans in

these days; but I will have the courage to say that higher praise could scarcely be given to a poetess of the secondary order than to say, what may be said with truth of Lydia Sigourney, that she stands beside Mrs. Hemans. Nothing more simply touching was ever written than her "Widow's Charge," and if her threnody on her mistress and model is too ambitious, it is both noble and pathetic.

Nor was the South silent. Edward Coate Pinkney has no pretension to genius, and he was too close in imitation of Byron and other English poets; yet he had a very pleasing lyrical gift, and such lyrics as "A Health," "A Serenade," and "A Picture Song" tremble on excellence, while Richard Henry Wilde has left one lyric, "My Life is Like the Summer Rose" which, if falsetto, has one line which a true poet might envy—

"On that lone shore loud means the sea."

And yet, in spite of all this activity and achievement, De Tocqueville could say in 1835 that America had not produced a single poet of a high order. Certainly, he could not have been refuted by citing any of the poets of whom I have spoken; but we have now come to a poet who could be triumphantly produced to falsify the statement. In William Cullen Bryant, America produced her first poet of classical rank, the first who is essentially original, and whose originality is of a high order. Griswold tells us that when "Thanatopsis," Bryant's first characteristic poem, was submitted to Dana, then editor of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, Dana and one or two critics whom he consulted were satisfied that a poem so finished and so noble could not have been written by an American. Their wonder was, no doubt, increased when they learned that it was not only written by an American, but by an American who was little more than a boy.

It is no figure of speech to say that the American muse found her first voice in Bryant. He has been called a disciple of Wordsworth; it has been pointed out that his favorite measures have all been borrowed from ours; that in Young's "Night Thoughts" and in Dyer's "Ruins of Rome" had been sounded the note which he struck with more power and impressiveness in the poems peculiarly characteristic of him, and that his blank verse is but a variation of the blank verse of English masters. This is true only in the sense in which it is true that, but for Ennius and

Lucretius, we should never have had Virgil, and that, but for his classical predecessors in ancient Greece and Rome and in modern Italy, we should never have had Milton. Bryant's relation to Wordsworth may be more accurately indicated by calling him, in virtue of his own native genius, and not by virtue of imitation, the "American Wordsworth"; his relation to Young and Dyer, by distinguishing between what is accidental and what is essential; and of his blank verse it may be said, with literal truth, that in structure and rhythm it is absolutely his own. Nature, and Nature only, was his inspirer and teacher; and pure and simple and wholesome as herself was her disciple and prophet. From his Puritan ancestors, he had inherited his moral temper and cast of mind, his purity, his simplicity, his earnestness, his love of liberty, his reverent piety, his profound seriousness; and with all this some good genius had blended the æsthetic temperament, and bestowed on him the gifts of the poet. And so he went out among the wonders and beauties of the New World, "the rolling prairies,"

"The gardens of the Desert,
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name,"

under

"The thick roofs
Of green, and stirring branches all alive
And musical with birds that sing and sport
In wantonness of spirit, while, below,
The squirrel, with rais'd paws and form erect,
Chirps merrily;"

through the great solitudes with their

"Myriads of insects, gaudy as the flowers
They flutter over, gentle quadrupeds,
And birds that scarce have learn'd the fear of man,
..... and sliding reptiles of the ground
Startlingly beautiful;"

or heard from

"Dim woods the aged past
Speak solemnly;"

or stood and gazed on

"The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun: the vales

Stretching in pensive quietness between:
 The venerable woods, rivers that move
 In majesty, and the complaining brooks
 That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
 Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste;"

or lay and listened to Earth's voice:

"A voice of many tones—sent up from streams
 That wander through the gloom, from woods unseen
 Swayed by the sweeping of the tides of air,
 From rocky chasms where darkness dwells all day,
 And hollows of the great invisible hills,
 And sands that edge the Ocean, stretching far
 Into the night."

In his nature poems, when at their very best, Nature herself seems to take the pen for him, and with her own sheer power to write. Look at the magic of the first two stanzas of "The Water Fowl":

"Whither, 'midst falling dew,
 While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
 Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
 Thy solitary way?
 Vainly the fowler's eye
 Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
 As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
 Thy figure floats along."

Turn to "The Gladness of Nature," with its pulse of ecstasy, or to "The Evening Wind," which is not so much descriptive as the very essence of what it describes. "O Fairest of the Rural Maids" may remind us a little too closely of Wordsworth, but this exquisite lyric could only have been written by one whom Nature had initiated. Mr. Stedman speaks of the "elemental quality" of Bryant's poetry: it is a most happy expression, as any one will feel after reading such poems as "The Prairies," "A Winterpiece," "The Evening Wind," "The Hunter of the Prairies," "Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood," "The Painted Cup," "A Hymn to the Sea," "A Forest Hymn," "A Hymn to the North Sea," "Among the Trees," "A River by Night."

But to this exquisite susceptibility to the power and charm of nature, and to this inspired faculty for catching and rendering

them, he brought other qualities. He was not, like our own Wordsworth, a profound philosopher, but he was deeply impressed with the mystery, solemnity, and sadness of life, and also with the momentous importance of the moral responsibilities resting on all on whom the gift of it has been conferred. This element is sometimes distinct from his nature studies, and sometimes blends itself with them. It is seen in its distinctness in such poems as the "Hymn to Death," "The Past," "Life," "The Journey of Life," "The Crowded Street," "The Future Life," "Blessed are They that Mourn," and that noble poem, "The Return of Youth"; but it is when blended with his nature studies that it is most impressive. In what majestic threnody does he contrast the eternity of nature and the transitoriness of man in "Thanatopsis," and again in "The Fountain," and again, with tenderer pathos, in "The Rivulet." With what eloquence does he enlist Nature in the service of man's spiritual and moral instruction, as in the "Forest Hymn," "The Old Man's Gospel," and an "Evening Revelry"; or make her bring balm for the wounds of life and solace and comfort, in such poems as the "Walk at Sunset," "Green River," "Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood," "A Scene on the Banks of the Hudson," "Lines on Revisiting the Country," "A Summer Wind." In the beautiful "City Hymn" he leads her from her solitudes to irradiate the sordid and crowded life of the street and of the mart, while in "June" and "The Burial-place" he would have her wreath the dishonors of death with her loveliness.

The dominant note in Bryant is, certainly, threnody; but it is threnody without gloom. He had inherited from his Puritan ancestors the faith that illumines life and looks through death, and it never fails him. To his Puritanism is probably owing also his absolute freedom from any traces of a mystic or pantheistic tendency in his treatment of Nature. His diction, his style, his versification, if the result of the study of English models, are, in the main, his own, and seem to be the spontaneous utterance of what they convey. Never were conception and expression in more absolute harmony. It has been observed that his vocabulary is a limited one, and that the measures in which he writes were few and simple; the reason is because the sphere in which his genius moved is limited, and because he only employed such measures as were most appropriate for his few and simple themes. It

is as difficult to associate art with his poetry as it would be to associate art with the vibrations of an Æolian lyre. Perhaps such a stanza as this owed something to the file:

"I sat and watched the eternal flow
Of those smooth billows to the shore,
While quivering lines of light below
Ran with them on the Ocean floor;"

but, if it did, it is art indistinguishable from nature. Perfect simplicity is the note of Bryant, yet how magical, now with the note of pathos, now with the note of the sublime. Take such lines as these in "The Water Fowl":

"There is a Power, whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,
The desert and illimitable air,
Lone wandering, but not lost;"

or such lines as:

"Swayed by the sweeping of the tides of air,"
and
"Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste."

He moved, it must be conceded, in a very limited sphere, and had comparatively few notes; but, within that sphere how admirable; of those few notes, how rare a master!

CHURTON COLLINS.

(To be Continued.)

WOMAN'S ASSUMPTION OF SEX SUPERIORITY

BY ANNIE NATHAN MEYER.

ONE of the most charming of the women orators in the late municipal campaign in New York, in a burst of eloquence for which she was applauded, pointed to the lady who stood as the emblem of the Fusion party, and to the tiger of Tammany, and asked if it were possible to hesitate in the choice: "The lady or the tiger confronts you. Which shall it be?" Fortunately, the audience was with the speaker. Questions are admittedly dangerous political weapons. The picture of the voter trembling before the gates was cleverly drawn; yet it might have been awkward had one ventured to suggest that it was not at all certain before which gate one would more violently tremble. It is not difficult to imagine circumstances in which one might pray for the tiger. My own experience is somewhat limited—on the side of the tiger. But I fancy an angry tiger kills quickly.

I am quite sure that, in the political arena, I should dread the advent of women as voters and office-holders a little more than that of the tiger. Of course, to the speaker, Woman typified and summed up all that was honorable, pure, noble, uplifting. To her, even the fact that the emblematic "lady" referred to was really a goddess was in no way disconcerting. It was assumed by many campaigners that the interest taken in the campaign by the women was in itself a conclusive arraignment of Tammany, was in itself a proof that the Fusion party stood for honest government. Of course, such an assumption when it is made by a man is not to be seriously challenged; but when it is made by a large proportion (still, I am persuaded, happily, by a minority) of women, then it becomes worth while to examine woman's claim to moral superiority, to examine it soberly and seriously.

The exercise by woman of the power to vote has been held up

by these women again and again as a panacea for the chief evils, if not all the evils, that now threaten to undermine the moral life of America. As even these women must be aware that in voting the majority prevails, this is clearly an assumption that the majority of women may be counted upon as a force that would make for political righteousness. It is strangely difficult to keep this inference before the public. The popular method of argument is: "Mrs. Thus-and-So is a splendid woman; would she not give us a more intelligent vote than the ignorant hod-carrier?" The fact that the vote of Mrs. Thus-and-So will be pitted against that of Mrs. Hod-carrier, never seems to be considered. It must be remembered that the suffrage—at least in America—is almost certain to be refused to all women, or given to all women; that a vote to one woman will be a vote to all women, vicious and virtuous, ignorant and educated, lowest and highest.

Let me say right here, as emphatically as possible, that while I challenge the assumption that women as a sex could contribute a regenerative force to the body politic, yet I do not deny the fact that there are many fine, true women who could be relied upon to cast their votes every time for the right. That I further think that most of these women do not wish the suffrage, that they have a clearer idea of their sex as a whole and a profounder appreciation of their real duties, does not concern us at present. The question, shorn of all disingenuousness, of all sentimentality, is just this: What could the sex bring to the service of the state to offset the degeneration of public life, to offset the indifference, the sloth, the moral cowardice, the greed, the dishonesty that are seriously menacing the moral life of our Republic?

When a man is chosen by his party as a candidate for office, his career is scrutinized, the question is asked, What has he done in his private career that implies a promise of success in a public career? Similarly, when women offer themselves for political duty (and in no spirit of humility, but with smug self-satisfaction and assumption of superior virtue), is it not just to scrutinize their past, to ask, What special character, what special force, what special talent have they shown in fulfilling their apportioned duties in the past? Is there anything to warrant a faith that they would discharge this new duty faithfully and ably? It is idle for women to say that it is not fair to scrutinize their past, because it was not a past of their own seeking; to claim that in-

competency in domestic life bears no relation to incompetency in political life, that the shirking of disagreeable duties would not mean the shirking of (supposedly) agreeable ones. Idle, and futile, I say, because we are probing deeper than that! We do not wish to know if their heads are equal to the problems of government; it does not concern us if they are not fitted for domestic duties—if they dislike them; it is not brains, nor aptitudes, nor even ability that are vital, it is character. Character is the one force needed in American life to-day. And character may be more safely judged from the way in which we perform disagreeable duties than from the way in which we perform agreeable ones. The question is not so much whether certain tasks allotted to women in the past have been well or ill performed; but it is—it doubly, trebly, is: Having been confronted with these tasks, in what manner have they approached them? Have they shirked them; or have they done their best? Have they done the work they found to be done, willingly, conscientiously, patiently, uncomplainingly? Have they been satisfied to do it without applause, without public reward? Have they brought to bear on this work the best they had, the best they could become? Have they never reached forth to grasp the more spectacular work of others, while turning their backs on their own? In short, have they any claim to such characteristics as, if contributed to American public life to-day, could purify and ennoble it?

I have spoken of the lack of character as the real lack in American public life to-day. Is there any question of this? To what is due the general neglect of the disagreeable part of political duty, but to a lack of character? What explains the too common custom of paying for concessions instead of fighting for one's just dues, but a lack of character? What, the yielding to blackmail, the seeking of the line of least resistance? What, the venality, the greed, and the acceptance of a double standard of honesty—political and commercial? What does all this signify, but a lack of character?

Perhaps the enlarged opportunities enjoyed by women during the past forty years have qualified them in some directions for the suffrage. Certainly, their mental qualifications will not be so sweepingly questioned as when the subject first arose for debate. But it is my firm conviction that the development of woman's character has by no means kept step with that of her

intellect. I think this is a serious arraignment of the women's colleges, one to which several of the leading colleges are awakening, and to the correction of which the best friends of woman's education are addressing themselves. There is no longer question of the capacity of woman's brain to be trained to wield the suffrage. But, alas! it can never be repeated often enough that it is not brains that are needed just now. There is a cry welling up from the surcharged hearts of those who tremble for the steadfastness of American government: but it is not a cry for brains—it is a cry for character.

“Put United Womanhood,” they say, (a resounding phrase much made use of—as if all women could be united on anything save puffed sleeves or pocketless skirts!), “Put United Womanhood into politics, and we shall have character. You will no longer see the Boss one instant the epitome of all that is evil, and the next, worthy to fold his legs under your mahogany.” But is this true? Is there even a shadow of truth in it? Have women, then, as a sex been so brave in fighting the conventional standpoint? Show me that more than a handful of women have the courage to ostracize the “great catch” that they know has no right to associate with their daughters, and I shall take heart. Give me the slightest inkling that women will fight the tyrannous hand of the Labor-Unions, now stifling the manhood of our business as well as of our laboring world. Give me the faintest hope that women will refuse to pay for what should come to them freely, that women will resist all favoritism, all unfairness! What is there in the past that can vouch for the future? Will the woman who quails before the departing cook, stand firm before the District Leader? Will the woman who submits to the tyranny of her volatile dressmaker, resist the voluble walking delegate? Will the woman who has made a mess of the domestic question, straighten out the tangles of the industrial and financial world? And, finally, will a woman who has shirked the noblest duty on God's earth, not shirk the lesser duties to which she, strangely enough, aspires? I hope I am not unduly severe. I am not more severe than are the women themselves who decry the moral weakness of the average man. In the very charge of inferiority launched against men by the women, they present the strongest possible indictment of their own sex. These men, who are so weak, so corrupt, so far below the stand-

ard of the women—had they no mothers? With so many grafters, so many “respectable” tools of a machine, is it possible that a great many women have not betrayed their trust? Do not tell me that the casting of a bit of paper in a box once a year can offset the daily influence of a mother, or that votes can be better gained from a political platform than at the home fireside.

I fail to see in women any evidence of the character that is needed in our public life. I fail to see that they are even on the right track to attain it. I think there is no school so eminently unfit for the development of character as that of the public platform, which women are seeking more and more. I think there is a grave danger to the moral force of womanhood in woman's increasing participation in organized effort, in public life. To say nothing of the wire-pulling, of the unscrupulousness in attaining an end, of the unfairness, of the love of office, of the insincerity which reveal themselves in the large organizations of women, with discouraging and startling resemblance to the methods of their weaker brethren, I hold that there is certain to come a deterioration which I like to name “Platform Virtue.” One who feeds on applause learns how easily it is gained, grows impatient of any task which does not win it, is apt to scorn such work as is not in the public eye. The most subtle moral danger lies in the fact that it is so easy to be noble, to be generous, to be unselfish, on the public platform,—in one's typewritten Confession of Faith. How is the strength to be given to work on, to fight on quietly, unknown, un interviewed, unrewarded, certainly unapplauded, when the enunciation of a few well-rounded periods yields such delightful recognition! An audience is the most good-natured, indifferent censor in the world. It seldom probes below the surface; in the rare cases in which it does, its memory is conveniently short. Just as the kindergarten methods, in the opinion of some educators, have lost for our children a certain sturdiness, a certain grim power of overcoming difficulties, so the platform habit, the club habit, the President and Secretary habit have entailed upon our women serious losses. The daily uncomplaining attention to household details that make for comfort and a restful home atmosphere; the tender, unseen care given to the children; the brooding over, watching and painstaking upbuilding of character; the brave, inspiring encouragement of the wearied wage-earner—for these things has not taste been lost?

It is so perilously easy, on the one hand, to be an angel of loving-kindness to some class of workers for whom one has founded a protecting organization, and, on the other, in the privacy of one's home, to withhold from one's servants the most ordinary human consideration. It is so easy to appeal on the platform to the highest, purest motives, to implore others to do their duty, and in the home to shrink from the most elementary duties, not only of motherhood, but of wifehood. It is so easy to be suave and delightful, gracious and charming, on the platform, and at home nervous, unstrung, impatient, fretful. The hardening processes of the age may be exemplified most strongly in the evolution of the very newest new woman. She who, twenty-five years ago, refused marriage in favor of her so-called "career," at least was willing to make a sacrifice of her emotional needs. She of to-day has no idea of renouncing marriage, but remoulds its old-fashioned idea of obligation—at times with an overriding of nature that would be comic if it were not tragic.

Are we, then, to throw over entirely our cherished idea, that woman is the morally superior sex? Well, I think the women have been banking a little too heavily upon certain claims. I think that, if they had lived for centuries in the same freedom and under the same temptations as men, they would have shown far less self-control and power of resistance; and this opinion might find support in some of the conditions known to exist in the social life of our own community. Perhaps some brave twentieth-century Fielding will arise and write an up-to-date parody of "Pamela": it will be instructive.

Even of so masculine a vice as drunkenness, there is something to be said. The assertion of sex superiority is not proven because there are fewer drunkards among women than men. Dare any one affirm that, since women have entered into industrial competition, into public life with its drain on the nervous strength, there has been less drunkenness than before? On the contrary, every one knows that the use of stimulants among women is increasing rapidly.

Notwithstanding the usual tone that pervades the speeches at a Woman's Rights Meeting (and there is a degree of bitterness, of contempt, of positive enmity against men that is not dreamed of by the average person), I believe that the work now done by the men would not be improved by being done by women.

It may seem so on the surface, but I am not wholly reactionary. I do not think that all virtue or all character is buried in the graves of our ancestresses. There is much that may be gained from all the discussion, all the unrest and change of the past half century, if only the trained women who should be the leaders will take their covetous eyes from the careers of the men, and, casting them backward over the past, will say: "Let us see how much better we can do the woman's work in the future. Let us see what training and science can do to make that work more helpful and more intelligent." I have hope for the future, because I know there are many strong women working quietly for this end. They are not the women who are supposed to represent us; they are certainly not those who periodically assure the Legislature that they do. They are seldom found on a platform. They are not presidents of clubs. They are not be-badged "chairmen" of committees; they do not belong to Mothers' Congresses, but they are accomplishing their end in a sincere, an unspectacular, the only lasting way, through the weight of personal character, the effect of personal example, through the divine influence that is so dangerously slipping away from this organization-worshipping, this number-idolizing, world of ours—I mean, the impulse of the *personal touch*. I have hope, because many of the excesses of women will be righted after women have grasped a little longer the baubles they have yearned for, after they have seen how valueless are these baubles in their hands. Then, I cannot but think, they will learn to value the things they have so blithely let go.

ANNIE NATHAN MEYER.

ELIHU ROOT—HIS SERVICES AS SECRETARY OF WAR.

BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM H. CARTER, U.S.A.

WHEN General Alger vacated the office of Secretary of War, President McKinley was confronted with a situation which was entirely new under our government; and, in order that the fruits of the brief war with Spain should not prove a detriment to the country and his administration, it was necessary that a broad-minded and eminently capable man should be found to fill the vacancy in the Cabinet. Although the reputation of Elihu Root was not confined to the great State of New York, where he stood high in the councils of his party and in the estimation of the great captains of industry and commerce, still, he was not so widely known throughout the country as were many other public men. The wide range of the legal questions which had been injected into the administration of the War Department, through the acquisition of the Philippine Islands and Porto Rico, and through the temporary wardship over Cuba, demanded the highest type of trained legal mind which could be found. That the result has proven the wisdom of President McKinley's selection is the unbiased opinion of public men of the day, and will be the undoubted verdict of history.

Secretary Root entered the War Department without any special knowledge of military affairs. Perhaps it was best for the country that this condition existed, for it induced him to apply his great mind to the study, not only of the details of military affairs, but to all the higher questions of military administration. With a vast array of questions coming daily from the insular possessions for his decision, he seized brief intervals to study all the details of our military methods. He realized that, in order to profit by our recent military lessons, it was necessary to make

a study of the entire system, since in this way only could he qualify himself to differentiate the good from the evil. He recognized that much of the complaint about the conduct of affairs in the war with Spain was ill-advised and undeserved; on the other hand, it was made perfectly apparent to him that the country had been extremely fortunate in crushing the Spanish power so easily, and that, with a better prepared enemy, the defects of our system would have been made more glaring.

Early in his career as Secretary, Mr. Root was called upon to execute that portion of a then recent Act of Congress which provided for bringing into service, for duty in the distant Philippine Islands, a body of 35,000 volunteers. He set about this task in a way that insured its accomplishment in the most efficient manner, and in the end brought him universal confidence and respect. The army knows better than the country at large the success which attended the organization of the volunteer regiments which went to the Philippines during 1899. The appointment of the officers was made under the direct supervision and care of the Secretary himself. The men in the ranks constituted as fine a body of men as were ever mustered under any flag, but the high character of the service rendered by these regiments must be credited to the care given to the selection of the officers who organized and led them to battle. It would be fortunate, indeed, for the country if the experience obtained through these Philippine volunteers could be made practically available for the volunteer army in time of war. But it is quite useless to expect this; for it is not likely that Congress will enact, in the near future, any legislation which would bring volunteer armies into service without leaving the appointment of the officers, generally, to the Governors of the States. Our wars have all been fought, so far as the military organization is concerned, on the principle that our States constitute a confederacy of independent governments, and not one nation for war purposes, although the method of raising troops and appointing officers by one responsible central authority was once authorized by the Continental Congress, which adopted the following resolution:

"Having perfect reliance on the wisdom, vigor and uprightness of General Washington do hereby:

"Resolve, That General Washington shall be and he is hereby vested with full, ample and complete powers to raise and collect together in

the most speedy and effectual manner from any or all of these United States, sixteen battalions of infantry in addition to those already voted by Congress; to appoint officers for the said battalions of infantry; to raise, officer and equip three thousand light horse, three regiments of artillery and a corps of engineers and to establish their pay; to apply to any of the States for such aid of the militia as he shall judge necessary; to form such magazines of provisions and in such places as he shall think proper; to displace and appoint all officers under the rank of Brigadier-General and to fill up the vacancies in every other department in the American army; to take, wherever he may be, whatever he may want for the use of the army."

About the time the insurrection in the Philippines had been put down and matters were generally assuming a more peaceful attitude throughout those islands, the Boxer Insurrection took place in China; the manner in which the American policy was carried to a conclusion in the relief of the Embassies in Peking and the subsequent occupation of that city by the allied armies, reflects the highest honor upon the American nation. To no individual was more credit due for this achievement, so far as the diplomatic and military policy is concerned, than to the Secretary of War.

The inauguration of civil government in Porto Rico and the installation of a civil government in the Philippine Islands, before peace had become finally assured amongst all the widely dispersed tribes, illustrate in a marked degree the foresight and wisdom of Secretary Root. The efficiency of the military government of Cuba was due in no small degree to the practised mind and guiding hand of the Secretary of War. All of these events have passed into history, and its verdict will doubtless give credit where credit is due.

With the cessation of general hostilities in the Philippines, the continuance of volunteers in the service was regarded as no longer desirable from a military point of view. The urgent need of a large force in the Philippines made it imperative, however, that the garrison should not be immediately reduced. These circumstances, together with the imperfect condition of our sea-coast defences, necessitated a reorganization of the regular army. Secretary Root devoted himself with painstaking care to all the details connected with this reorganization. The army has never had, in all its history, so perfect an organization as was secured for it at this time. The Secretary had become convinced that several modifications of our military system should be introduced.

Some of his recommendations encountered much opposition; this statement refers specially to the detail system adopted for the staff departments, and a proposition to cause one-third of the promotions in the army to be made by selection and not by seniority. Although its existence was not known to the Secretary, it may not be inappropriate to quote here a recommendation made by Secretary of War John B. Floyd in 1857:

"Attention has been repeatedly called to defects in the organization of the army, and to various details in reference to several of its parts. As these evils increase with time and practice under them, I must again bring them before you.

"The basis of our existing system is the British army as it served in the colonies before the Revolution, retaining many of the defects, since corrected in Great Britain, under the experience and necessities of long wars. Provisions inconsistent with the existing system, copied from other nations, and partial legislation designed for particular interests, have augmented these evils; and we have committed the fault of adapting our fundamental organization to a time of peace, instead of basing it on the exigencies of war.

"One of the greatest errors of detail is the separate, independent character of our staff corps. This removes them from their proper position as aids or assistants to the commander, and constitutes them his equals. It contracts the sphere of observation, and experience, and thus unfits the officer for change or advancement, and begets an accumulation of precedent and prerogative at war with the vital principle of military organization—the inviolable and undivided authority of the head. He is bound, as they are, by the law, and his construction of it should govern them, not theirs him.

"We have retained another fault, abandoned, at least practically, in almost every service among civilized nations, even the most aristocratic and monarchical. This is promotion by seniority. Age and experience should bring excellence; but the test lies in the actual possession of the latter, and not merely in the circumstances which, it is assumed, should produce it. Seniority, with the requirements essential for position, ought certainly to give precedence; but, without these, that dignity and respect which belong to rank and command can never be secured.

"All that has been urged in favor of retaining it with us is the danger of political or personal favor governing a selection. There may be danger from this source; but, by the rule of seniority, the worst officer of any army must, if he lives, come to be one of the most important and responsible officers under the government—the colonel of a regiment. By selection, it is possible that the very best may not always be chosen, though the chances are in favor of this hypothesis; but, certainly, the very worst never will be, and this is surely a gain on the present rule.

"A general provision dispensing with the staff bureaus and giving the President authority to regulate the duties on the principles above

stated, and to transfer, when necessary, officers to and from the line and staff, would restore the institution to its proper effectiveness. Thus, the staff near the War Department, representing the authority of the constitutional commander-in-chief of the army and navy, would bear the same relation to him as the staff attached to a corps in the field have to the colonel or general who commands it.

"Promotion may be a reward of merit and an incentive to zeal by enactment that it shall take place by seniority in corps (unless in extraordinary cases) to the rank of captain, and beyond that by selection from the next grade in the same arm to that to be filled as far as colonel, inclusive. General officers to be at the choice of the President as they now are."

In undertaking the reorganization of the army, its past history was studied with a view to perfecting the organization of its various parts. The three-battalion organization for the infantry had long been recommended by all the higher officers of the army. Service in the war with Spain, during the insurrection in the Philippines, and in China, had shown conclusively the urgent need of battalion staff officers and non-commissioned staff officers. The need of making special provision for bands, instead of deducting their strength from the companies in each regiment, had long been apparent. The abandonment of the regimental system in the artillery, and the substitution of a corps of artillery which could manage harbor defence, including submarine mines and torpedoes, as a unit under one distinct command, rather than under a number of post commanders reporting only to the Department Commander, who might be a thousand miles distant, was regarded as a modern necessity. The success which has attended the establishment of the corps of artillery is ample justification for the changes made. The field-artillery, which in its duties is entirely separate and distinct from the coast artillery, was retained as a part of the corps of artillery, so that the officers would be in line of promotion to the higher grades.

The proportion of field-artillery adopted by the Secretary of War was much larger than had heretofore existed in time of peace in the regular army, but it was based, as was the increase in the number of cavalry regiments, upon the war needs of the country. It was made apparent by much evidence that the various States are unwilling, and many of them unable, to bear the large expense of keeping up organizations of cavalry and field-artillery, in strength proportionate to the infantry organizations of the

National Guard. It was wisely decided, therefore, that the expense incident to keeping up these special arms should be borne by the general Government, at least to a sufficient extent to guarantee a proper proportion in the first line in the event of war. The recorded experience of the Civil War was used to show the extravagance of depending upon new organizations of cavalry and mounted infantry regiments.

Many things desired by the Secretary in connection with the reorganization of the army had to be laid aside for the present. It was recognized that there were so many different interests at stake in the army, that it was advisable first to make the effort for the establishment of a General Staff Corps, which would represent the whole service, and whose recommendations regarding any situation would merit and receive approval at the hands of Congress.

After securing the reorganization of the army, so far as legislation was concerned, Secretary Root realized that a great responsibility rested upon him in the appointment of officers. It is impossible for the President and the Secretary of War to become personally acquainted with even a small percentage of those whom they are called upon to install in office; they are, therefore, quite dependent upon the recommendations of superior officers and members of Congress. Much has been written of an intemperate character regarding the use of political influence in securing military commissions. The general rule adopted by the Secretary was one with which no fault could possibly be found; for it was quite in accord with the recommendations of Washington, Knox and Hamilton, when, in 1798, they were constituted a board to review the relative claims for appointment and precedence of those gentlemen who desired to enter service in the then expected war with France. This rule recognized that, whenever an applicant had prior service in the army or navy, the character which he had established for himself with his superior officers should guide in his selection; if he had no prior service, then the recommendations of the Senators, Members of Congress and citizens of established character within his district or State were regarded as a proper means of establishing his fitness for consideration. This is an eminently proper and legitimate course; for, in all fairness, if a young man has grown up in a community without having established a character with good citizens and pub-

lic officials representing that community, he has no right to complain that he is not selected for office.

Following the general reorganization of the army, the Secretary of War caused to be prepared a bill having for its object the consolidation of the Quartermaster, Subsistence and Pay Departments into one Department of Supply. In this bill a provision was made to create a separate division of transportation, and to place a Major-General at the head of the Supply Department to control the whole. It proved impossible to harmonize the opinions and recommendations of the various parties at interest; and the bill, together with that for the establishment of the General Staff Corps, failed to pass.

During the short session in the winter of 1902-03, a simple bill was devised to establish a General Staff Corps, the usefulness of which would depend entirely upon the manner of its control. It was recognized by the Secretary that there would be no advantage, in the administration of military affairs, in introducing a new Staff Corps so long as the Commanding-General of the Army was retained in his anomalous position; for all the recommendations and work of the General Staff Corps under those conditions could be nullified, and the administration of the army might be embroiled in constantly recurring disagreements between the Secretary of War and the Commanding-General of the Army. The only practicable way of meeting the issue was to recommend to Congress, fairly and frankly, that the continuance of then existing conditions in the command and control of the army was inimical to the welfare of the country. The scheme presented secured the practical elimination of the office of Commanding-General of the Army, and established in its stead the Chief of Staff, who acts for the Secretary of War and not by virtue of being assigned to command. This arrangement was not the result of caprice, experiment or mere desire for change, but it was suggested by the recorded experience of the war with Spain and of the Civil War, which latter has furnished America more military lessons than have been obtained from any other armed conflict since the downfall of Napoleon. No officer can read the recorded hearings of the Secretary of War on this subject before the military committees, during the session of 1902-03, without coming to the conclusion that the modification of our military system was justified by every military and business consideration.

Coincidentally with the efforts for the passage of the General Staff Bill, Congress was urged to place upon the statute-books a law to govern the organized militia, and relieve it from the archaic legal enactments under which it had struggled for a century. The bill which was presented to the National Guard Association, and introduced in Congress with little or no modification, was actually prepared by the Secretary of War himself; the bill as passed contained many modifications and compromises. The Secretary of War has at all times recognized, not only the desirability, but the absolute necessity, of establishing the organized militia of the country upon a practical working basis, and of bringing the regular army into harmony with the great body of citizen soldiery upon whom the country must depend in any great conflict.

Secretary Root has laid the foundation for a state of preparedness for war on the part of the United States which has hitherto been unknown; it will remain for his successors in office to continue the great work which he has so thoroughly inaugurated, and to build upon the foundation so wisely laid during the past few years of active field and administrative experiences. They will find, upon taking up any one of the manifold subjects handled by Secretary Root with so much wisdom and success, that his action has been based upon a painstaking, careful and broad-minded study of all the conditions past and present, and that no matter connected with the administration of the army, or with the development of the organized militia, has seemed to him too small to be considered if it appeared necessary to a full comprehension of the subject. The army must be congratulated upon having had the patriotic, unselfish and devoted services of Elihu Root during four years, covering a period of new development unparalleled in our history. Questions involving political policy, military movements and economic supremacy have all been handled by this master mind as constituting imperceptibly merging elements of successful governmental administration.

At a dinner recently given by the General Staff to the Secretary of War, on the eve of his departure for England as a member of the Alaska tribunal, in recognition of his distinguished and able services, a member of the Cabinet told of a proposition which had been made to Secretary Root, by powerful members of the National Committee, that his name be placed upon the Republican ticket with that of President McKinley. It was stated as

more than probable that, had he authorized the use of his name, he would to-day be President of the United States. The correspondence in this matter should not be lost to history. Through the courtesy of the Postmaster-General, the letters are now made public:

" December 21, 1899.

" MY DEAR MR. PAYNE:

" I have been talking over the situation in the War Department with the President, and particularly the very delicate condition of affairs which will continue for a considerable period in Cuba and the Philippines; and we both agree that it is far more important to the administration, the Republican party and the country, that I should stay here and attend to the business that I have commenced, than that I should be a candidate for Vice-President. It is not that there are not plenty of other men who could take care of the situation here, but it is that I have spent five or six months in becoming familiar with the subject, and no other man can step in and take it up without going through the same training.

" It is like a case which is actually on trial, and the proposition to take out the counsel who is trying it and put in a new man who has never heard of the case before. Of course, being a candidate for Vice-President means not merely a withdrawal from the War Department on the 4th of March, 1901, but it means practical withdrawal from attention to its duties within a very few months, when the activities of the campaign begin.

" I feel this explanation of the situation ought to be made to you, in view of your very kind expressions to me when you were last in Washington.

" Faithfully yours,

" ELIHU ROOT."

" Hon. Henry C. Payne,

" Milwaukee, Wis.

" Milwaukee, Wis., Dec. 26, 1899.

" MY DEAR MR. ROOT:

" I find yours of the 21st inst., on my return home. Your statement of the situation, so far as your relations to the administration and the duties which you are now performing in connection therewith are concerned, appeals to my judgment as proper and right, and I am constrained to say that, under the circumstances, you are entirely justified in your conclusions.

" As I may possibly be responsible somewhat for the use of your name in connection with the office of Vice-President, I shall be only too glad to put you right before the country on the lines of your letter under reply. Or, what might be better, if you think I can be of service to you in that direction, you could write me a letter which I might cause to be published from here, which I think would strengthen you with the good

people of the country; or, if you do not care to write such a letter, I shall be pleased to make any statement regarding the matter which you may think it wise for me to publish.

"I have found no reason to change my opinion of the situation so far as the sentiment of the Republicans of the country obtains toward yourself.

"Very sincerely yours,

"H. C. PAYNE."

"Hon. Elihu Root,

"Washington, D. C.

"January 8, 1900.

"MY DEAR MR. PAYNE:

"I thank you for your very kind letter of December 26th, which I have delayed answering because I. wanted to think the subject over a little.

"I think, on the whole, it would not be wise for me to write any letter for publication about the Vice-Presidency. The whole matter has, so far as I am concerned, been to such an extent personal and informal, that any form of treatment of it by me might seem like declining something which the people of the country generally did not consider to have been offered. I should, however, be glad if you will say to the Republicans in your part of the country, who may be interested in this subject, that I am not to be a candidate for Vice-President, and state to them the grounds upon which the conclusion has been reached.

"I need not say that I shall always remember your kindness and confidence.

"Faithfully yours,

"ELIHU ROOT."

"Hon. Henry C. Payne,

"451 Broadway, Milwaukee, Wis.

The more recent service of Elihu Root, as a member of the Commission which sat in London to discuss the Alaska Boundary question, is well known to the entire world. Only those who have been connected with the public service in Alaska, and with the great administrative Departments in Washington, appreciate the many difficulties of the Alaska situation, as it has existed for the past six years. The country is to be sincerely congratulated upon having had such representation on the Alaska Commission as to secure full recognition of the American case. The evil results which would have followed a failure to reach a decision, and, above all things, a decision favorable to the American claims, are more far-reaching than can be well understood by the average citizen of the country at large; endless bickerings, increase of garrisons, fortifications, and a general air of hostilities through-

out Alaska would have undoubtedly followed a failure to reach a just and definite decision.

This sketch cannot be more fittingly closed than with some excerpts from the remarks of the Secretary at the General Staff dinner, which will find responsive chords in the hearts of the army that has felt content to serve in all the distant spheres of action to which it has been called, because of its faith in Elihu Root, the gentleman, scholar and wise administrator:

"I thank you much more—more than words can express—for the kindly consideration which received me, a perfectly green and uninstructed civilian, to the position of Secretary of War, and which has accompanied me with ever-increasing friendship and noble loyalty through the four years of my service. Sailing on Friday next for England, to endeavor to aid in doing away with one of the questions most pregnant with possibilities of conflict between our country and Great Britain,—the Alaskan boundary controversy,—I shall take with me only the pleasantest memories, and shall look forward with agreeable anticipations to the time when I may return to find you all at your work again. I think that, if we all do our duty, if we are all true to the high standard of purpose which, I believe, controls the guiding minds of the American army to-day, the soldiers of the future and generations of American citizens in years to come will look back upon this day, the day of the inauguration of the General Staff of the Army, as a happy day in our military history. This is a time of organization. Great results are produced only by that. Individual effort, individual brilliancy, individual heroism, accomplishes but little, except as it has an effect upon masses of men. Effective and harmonious organization is the moving power of the world to-day. We have lagged behind in the army until now; and now, I believe and trust, we take our place in the front rank of the organizations which are to control the effective action of the future. I look back to the cabals and dissensions which came so near wrecking the effort for independence in Washington's time; the bitterness of heart under which he labored in his long and painful effort to control the discordant elements that were working, or pretending to work, for the independence of the colonies. I look back at the political ambitions which dictated the movements under differing and antagonistic officers during the Mexican War. I recall the bitter controversies which left their echoes sounding through a generation after the close of the Civil War; and, remembering that the most vital defect of a military service is lack of harmony among the officers in command, I look at the unselfish devotion of the last few years, and the last year especially, in the American army with a feeling of pride and satisfaction. When I think of the present Lieutenant-General thrusting aside the leisure and the quiet dignity which he had so well earned, and taking upon himself, in the last year of his active service, the arduous and the perplexing and

annoying duties involved in the presidency of the War College Board and the work of the Chief of Staff; when I reflect upon the disinterested and unselfish course of the Adjutant-General of the Army, who practically occupied the position of Chief of Staff to the President throughout the war with Spain, who wielded a greater power in the control of the American army than any soldier of his day, and who put the whole force and weight of his great influence and his intimate knowledge of the army and of the legislative branch of our government at the service of this new movement which was to put over him a Chief to exercise the power that he had exercised, and who cheerfully and with self-devotion took the position as Assistant to the Chief of Staff where he had been practically Chief; when I look at the heads of the great administrative departments who have been practically independent for so many years, responsible only to the Secretary of War, and acting upon his direction given in reliance upon their advice, and see them voluntarily and cheerfully, and with no thought but of the country's good and the efficiency of the army as a whole, bringing their departments under the direction of a military officer who would stand between them and the Secretary of War; when I see such spirit and patriotism in all the departments and such *esprit de corps* in the army as a whole, it seems to me that I am justified in the most brilliant anticipations and in the most confident expectations for the future of the American army. Other wars are to come; when, we know not; or with whom, we know not; but we know they are to come. Days of trial for our country are to come, and I confidently believe that, when those days are upon us, the American people will look back to the inauguration of the General Staff, and will look back to the inauguration of a good spirit of brotherhood in arms pervading all branches of the American army, as the beginning of a new day and the origin of an efficiency never known before in the defenders of our government and of our nation. I know that I shall not only look upon your work with confidence and trust, but I shall look back with gratitude and affection to all of you who have, with such faith and zeal and loyalty, wrought in the cause which has been so dear to me; for, knowing little of the army, knowing little of military affairs, I believe that I can claim whatever commendation is due for having been myself loyal to the best interests of the army of the United States. I believe that I have had no other sentiment and no desire but an army noble and true, effective and strong, worthy of the great country which relies upon it for defence, worthy of the great and noble men who have adorned its history, and worthy of the great trust which is imposed upon it. I firmly believe that you are all that; that the army which you are to train in the future will be all that; and I expect always to look back upon these happy days of effort and achievement with constant and kindly remembrance and affection."

WILLIAM H. CARTER.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S MESSAGE AND THE ISTHMIAN CANAL.

BY FRANCISCO ESCOBAR.

I.

WHEN, in after years, President Roosevelt comes to look over what he has written, he will then wonder what evil spirit ever moved him to write the Message of December 7th, 1903. He will wish then that records of such documents were not kept, and that the printing-press had never been invented. With due respect to the President and to the august body of men to whom the Message was addressed, I propose to point out some of the inaccuracies exhibited in that document.

The Spooner Act to which he refers was enacted on June 28th, 1902; it authorized the President to enter into a treaty with the Republic of Colombia, "the power in actual control of the Isthmus of Panama" where the Canal was to be built. "The essence of the condition" was to enter into a contract with the party named in the act; it referred expressly to the Government of Colombia because that Government was the owner of the Panama route, and it would have been impossible to enter into a treaty with "the route itself." If Congress had foreseen what was going to happen, it would have omitted to name the party with whom the treaty was to be made, thus saving the President the trouble of much false argumentation. The purpose has not been fulfilled, but the law has been disobeyed by the President.

"The treaty" (of 1846), said the President, "vested in the United States a substantial property right carved out of the rights of sovereignty and property which New Granada then had and possessed over said territory."

The claim of Colombia is, and has ever been, that "the guaranty is, therefore, not a right pertaining to them (the United

States), but an obligation, a service contracted by them; a service, it is true, which redounds to their interest, but which cannot take the character of a power or jurisdiction." This view was accepted long ago by the United States.

The quotations from Secretaries Cass and Seward, and from Attorney-General Speed, may be used to prove that neither of them understood the treaty of 1846 as President Roosevelt did.

"Colombia," continued the President, "has ceased to own any property on the Isthmus. A new Republic, that of Panama, which was at one time a sovereign State, and at another time a mere department of the successive confederations known as New Granada and Colombia, has now succeeded to the rights, etc."

This statement is misleading; Panama was until 1886 a sovereign State of Colombia, but sovereign in the same way as New York, Virginia or any other State of the American Union is sovereign. Such sovereignty does not carry with it the right of secession, if the arguments of the North in 1860 are to be taken as sound. Had the President been more consistent with the Northern ideas of sovereignty, Colombia would not have "ceased to own any property on the Isthmus." But from the way in which the President expresses himself, some persons might be led to believe that Panama had formerly been a sovereign nation, which is far from being true. Panama has been a part of Colombia since the time when its independence from Spain was won with the assistance of Colombia. Several attempts have been made by Panama to become an independent state, but Colombia always succeeded in suppressing the revolutions. It would have succeeded again, but for the intervention of President Roosevelt.

The President enumerates some facts which in his opinion establish certain things beyond question:

"1st. That the United States has for over half a century patiently and in good faith carried out its obligations under the treaty of 1846."

Since the treaty is that many years old and has not been abrogated, the carrying out of obligations under said treaty is not a virtue, but a duty. Not only that, but also by the stipulations of the treaty of 1846 the United States obtained certain advantages, in return for which they had duties to accomplish and some conditions to comply with. This has been accepted by all the Presi-

dents of this country since the treaty was ratified, and by all authorities who have had occasion to pass opinion on this matter. It is the necessity of the moment which alone has caused this novel view of well-established truths.

"2nd. That when, for the first time, it became possible for Colombia to do anything in requital of the services thus repeatedly rendered to it for fifty-seven years by the United States, the Colombian Government peremptorily and offensively refused thus to do its part, even though to do so would have been to its advantage and immeasurably to the advantage of the State of Panama, at that time under its jurisdiction."

It was not the Government (the Executive) of Colombia that rejected the treaty, but the Senate. The reasons for such rejection will be explained further on.

"3rd. That, throughout this period, revolutions, riots and factional disturbances of every kind have occurred, one after the other, in almost uninterrupted succession, some of them lasting for months and even for years, while the Central Government was unable to put them down or to make peace with the rebels."

The list of revolutions given by the President is grossly exaggerated; for instance, out of the last revolution, which broke out in October, 1899, and lasted for three consecutive years, he makes seven different revolutions, evidently to give more apparent strength to his argument. I will also add that this revolution was unsuccessful, and terminated by a treaty of peace signed on board the United States battleship "Wisconsin." As to the calamity of civil war, I will quote what Mr. Seward had to say:

"Civil war is a calamity from which certainly no people or nation that has ever existed has always been exempt. It is one which probably no nation will escape. Perhaps its most injurious trait is its tendency to subvert the good understanding and break up the relations existing between the distracted state and friendly nations, and to involve them sooner or later in war" (Mr. Seward to Mr. Adams, September 7th, 1861).

There is hardly one European nation which does not register on the pages of her history more than one civil war. The United States has had the exceptional fortune of counting only one, but that one was on so tremendous a scale that it amounted, in loss of life and treasure, to all the revolutions of Latin-America. But in the matter of riots the United States has not been so

fortunate; riots are more frequent here than in almost any other country of the world.

The colonial system of Spanish-America was entirely different from that of the United States. The Spanish provinces when they became nations carried already in their system some fundamental errors, which developed later into unrest and armed conflicts; whereas the United States started its united national existence under very different conditions.

This much in order to explain revolutions, not to defend them nor to excuse them.

"4th. That these disturbances, instead of showing any signs of abating, have tended to grow more numerous and more serious in the immediate past."

From 1885 to the year 1899, there was only one attempt at revolution, in 1895—and that was quickly suppressed. The disturbances at Panama in the meantime were more in the nature of strikes than anything else, which are natural in such congregations of laborers of so many different nationalities.

"5th. That the control of Colombia over the Isthmus of Panama could not be maintained without the armed intervention and assistance of the United States."

During the fifty years which have elapsed since the treaty was signed, the Government of Colombia asked that the United States should land troops to protect its interests and maintain order on the Isthmus on four different occasions, according to the President's own record. Assistance was asked to keep the traffic open, not to protect the Isthmus. Considering the great number of revolutions mentioned by the President, it does not seem correct to say that "the control of Colombia over the Isthmus could not be maintained." The very fact that the Government was in control of Panama until the United States Executive intervened in favor of a revolution, disproves his own assertion.

Nor must one forget that several times Colombia was unable to put down riots and revolutions at Panama and Colon, through the wanton assumption of wrong authority by the agents of the Panama Railroad—a United States corporation, always for some unexplained reason hostile to the constituted Government.

Finally, I will state that the protection of the United States,

or rather its assistance to the Government of Colombia in keeping the traffic open and unembarrassed, never cost it one single life; and that, if the United States was asked to cooperate, it was always asked to do so for its own benefit, accruing from Articles 4, 5 and 6 of the treaty of 1846.

After making the foregoing statements, the President concludes that Colombia "has forced the United States (Executive) to take decisive steps to bring to an end a condition of affairs which had become intolerable." I firmly believe that the premises were false, and therefore the conclusion is obviously so too.

The advantages which the Minister of the new Republic of Panama offered the Executive in the form of a new treaty are fully analyzed by the President. They are great advantages, indeed; and, although the *quid pro quo* imposes great moral responsibilities on the United States, by its guaranteeing the independence of the Republic of Panama in so premature a fashion, one must not forget, either, that it is very easy to be generous with somebody else's property. The Minister being a Frenchman, he can well afford to give away the whole Republic of Panama without a qualm of conscience; whereas, a Colombian Senator could not, without being false to his pledge, cede as much as one square inch of his country against the command of the Colombian Constitution.

I will say nothing regarding the dangerous doctrine of Universal Eminent Domain which is implied in the President's language. Suffice it to say, that the mere enunciation of such theories is bound to cause a retrograde movement in the march of civilization.

II.

We have seen how, in order to excuse his high-handed proceedings, the President expatiates on the reason which forced him to recognize the revolution at Panama. It appears, from the trend of his reasoning, that "the Government of Colombia peremptorily and offensively refused to do its part, even though to do so would have been to its advantage and immeasurably to the advantage of the State of Panama, at that time under its jurisdiction;" and, also, that it so refused "when, for the *first time*, it became possible for Colombia to do anything in requital of the services thus repeatedly done to it by the United States, etc."

To controvert the latter assertion I may make the following quotations:

"It would be doing injustice to an important South American State not to acknowledge the directness, frankness and cordiality with which the United States of Colombia have entered into intimate relations with this Government" (Lincoln's Fourth Annual Message).

"It is with great satisfaction that I am enabled to bear witness to the liberal spirit with which the Republic of Colombia has made satisfaction for well-established claims" (John Quincy Adams's First Annual Message).

"I cannot without doing injustice to the Republic of Buenos-Ayres and Colombia forbear to acknowledge the candid and conciliatory spirit with which they have repeatedly yielded to our friendly representations . . . to which Colombia has added the magnanimity of making reparation for unlawful captures by some of her cruisers, and of assenting in the midst of war to treaty stipulations favorable to neutral navigation" (John Quincy Adams, 1826).

Now, as to the other question, the President of a Republic ought to know that the power of ratifying international treaties rests with the Senate. This is the reason why the Senate of the United States has been the burial-place of so many treaties; some of them, like the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, were ignominiously defeated; and, although "it does not appear that the Government made any real effort to secure ratification," yet the other contracting party did not take offence; much less did it retaliate in any manner whatsoever to the prejudice of the United States. The Senate of Colombia had a perfect right to reject the Hay-Herran treaty; and the accusation that their principal motive was greed and blackmail, is false and without foundation in fact.

There is no denying that the people of Colombia placed a very high money value on the Canal; this they had the right to do. The French Company estimated the value of the Panama Canal at \$109,000,000; the United States agreed to buy the title, franchise, etc., for \$40,000,000; hence, I must suppose that it was worth that much to them.

From the first, it was stipulated between Colombia and the French grantees that, if the Canal were not finished within a term of years, the franchise should be null and void, and that it would revert to Colombia, together with all the machinery, appurtenances, etc., of the Canal Company. The time thus stipulated lapsed twice, and both times Colombia agreed to a renewal.

This question came up for the third time before the Congress in 1898, which failed to pass it by a large majority. A revolution broke out in 1899; the President of Colombia assumed the powers vested in him by Article 121 of the Constitution.

At that time, a special commission had been appointed to go to France, in order to negotiate with the French Canal Company for the third renewal. While this Committee was in Paris, the President of Colombia, or his Cabinet, signed the agreement with the Company's agent at Bogota, this being done over the head of the special Commission. The Government's excuse was that further delay in the negotiations would endanger the life of the Administration, as funds were much needed for carrying on the struggle against the revolutionists. It must be recalled here that the Liberal party, through its agent in New York, protested against the granting of this renewal, and that the French Company was duly notified by him that, in case the revolution were successful, the Liberal party would not recognize the validity of the transaction.

It has been claimed by the principal jurists of Colombia that the Constitution does not confer on the Executive of Colombia such powers as entitled him to grant, legally, such a thing, without the consent of the Congress. They, as well as everybody else in Colombia, expected that the question of renewal would be submitted for decision to the first Congress which should convene. Since this was not done, the opinion prevailed that the Company's franchise should expire in 1904, and that Colombia should make restitution to the French Company of the price which the Sanclemente Government had received for granting the renewal.

Another important condition in the original French Concession was, that the Company could not transfer its franchise to a foreign Government, without the express consent of Colombia. This is a point not to be forgotten; one that of itself should absolve Colombia from the unjust charge of greediness. For it is evident that, if such permission should be withheld from the Company, it could not fulfil the conditions stated in the option given to the United States, without a forfeiture of its franchise. That being the case, it is pertinent to ask, Who should receive the amount fixed by the United States in the option?

It must be remembered, also, that one of the clauses in the option stipulated, that the amount of \$40,000,000 was to be paid

by the United States when the Hay-Herran treaty should be ratified *by both contracting parties*. Did the option hold good if the treaty were rejected? Certainly not.

The treaty was not satisfactory to Colombia; nor the money consideration obtained from the United States the maximum to be expected from that source. Hence, considering also the faulty title which the French Company holds, I do not think it is fair to accuse Colombia of trying to blackmail the French Company in asking for a share of the option money, supposing that it had asked for a share.

It did not seem right to Colombians that the French Company should receive alone the \$40,000,000. For, if anything stands clear in the history of the Panama Canal, it is that Colombia's conduct towards the Company has always been most generous.

Colombia has tried its best to have this great enterprise finished by the French Company. When Colombia realized that it was hoping against hope, because this Company was financially crippled and incapacitated for finishing the great work; when it learned that the United States was willing to bid for it, and was the only nation in a position to finish the Canal, it then sent a Minister to Washington whose special mission was the negotiation of a treaty with the United States. A few months after the negotiations had commenced, a new Minister was appointed to Washington, for political reasons; he endeavored to conclude the treaty, but without success. His course was deemed unreasonable, and he was called "an obstructionist" by even the most sober-minded newspapers; and an "extortionist" by all. But either they did not know, or, if they knew it, they concealed the fact that the best conditions offered by Secretary Hay were far from equitable.

Minister Concha was unwilling to make any concessions to the United States which would detract from the rights of sovereignty of Colombia over the Canal Zone; specially after the incident when Admirals Casey and McLelland forbade the transportation of Colombian troops over the Panama Railroad.

The money consideration first offered by Secretary Hay was far from satisfactory. Minister Concha was right when he said that the Secretary was trying to drive a sharp bargain. Yet, it was the accepted opinion in the United States that Colombia was the "sharper"; but the best proof I can adduce to the contrary is

that Minister Concha proposed to leave the money consideration to be adjusted by an arbitrator or by the Hague Tribunal.

Secretary Hay, after accepting the Memorandum of April 18th, seems to have changed his position and repudiated his agreement. He finally named these terms as his ultimatum—the absolute control by the United States of the Canal Zone, with other impossible conditions, offering for the money consideration an initial cash payment of seven million dollars, and ten thousand dollars a year as an annual rental to commence nine years after the work should begin. Considering the stipulations finally agreed upon in the Hay-Herran treaty, the conclusion is obvious that Secretary Hay tried to drive an unfair bargain with Minister Concha.

On no question has the opinion of Colombians been so unanimous as on the rejection of the Hay-Herran Treaty. It is perfectly safe to assert that the number of those in favor of ratification did not reach twenty. I will add that those twenty (the writer amongst them) were in favor of ratification only because they foresaw what would happen if the treaty was rejected, considering the ugly mood of the United States Executive and the advices given to the Executive by many newspapers of the country. We reasoned that it would be better to concede with grace (even though it meant the amendment of the Colombian Constitution) that which might be taken by main force.

In view of the sentiment of the Colombian people, it was easy to predict the rejection of the treaty by the Senate. And yet, the principal reason of its rejection was that, in their opinion, the treaty was illegal; that loss of sovereignty could not be entertained except by a National Convention; therefore, the Hay-Herran treaty needed modifications before being ratified. A committee of nine was appointed to draft the amendments required; it was proposed to pass the treaty on its first reading, as a signal courtesy to the United States, and then pass on to consider the modifications. While this was under consideration, the two notes of August 5th and 7th were received from the United States Minister at Bogota. They purported a coercion of the Senate, and they implied a threat to the nation. The treaty was unanimously rejected on the first reading, as a protest against the undiplomatic and inconvenient conduct of the United States Executive. In the project of the Committee, nothing was said or

written about money to be "extorted" from the United States and the French Canal Company.

Since, according to those notes, the United States would allow no modification of the treaty, the only course left to the Senate was its rejection. It was evident to every Senator that the Hay-Herran treaty in its present form was unconstitutional; therefore, that they would be false to their pledge if they should vote for its ratification, for, before taking their seats in the Senate, they had sworn "to defend and apply the Constitution." Volumes were written by the leading men of Colombia of all political parties against the Hay-Herran treaty. They all agreed on this: that Colombia could not grant the absolute control of the Canal Zone, without a loss of sovereignty; that the period of lease of 100 years renewable at the sole option of the United States amounted to that; and also that the money consideration was not equitable.

Whether public opinion was right or wrong, the Colombian Senate had a perfect right to act freely on the treaty without anybody taking offence thereat.

III.

"Immediately after the adjournment of Congress a revolution broke out at Panama," which resulted in the birth of a new republic, which the United States Executive hastened to recognize and protect.

There is no justification possible for this flagrant case of intervention; no defence which could be sustained either by precedent or by international law.

To quote only one American authority; Professor Woolsey says:

"Interference can be justified only as an extreme measure, and only on one of the two following grounds:

"1st. That it is demanded by self-preservation;

"2nd. That some extraordinary state of things is brought about by the crime of a Government against its subjects . . . If the question is still one of armed strife . . . between a State and a revolted portion of it, to take the part of the revolted territory by recognition is an injury and may be a ground of war, as when Louis XVI recognized the United States.

"It is a safe rule in contests involving the violent separation of a State into parts, that, when the mother country, in the case of a colony, or the leading portion of a State, in the case of disruption, gives up active

efforts to restore the old order of things by war, other States may regard the revolution as perfected and a new State as having come into the world."

E. W. Hall says anent the same subject:

"For, though no State has the right to withhold recognition when it has been earned, States must be allowed to judge for themselves whether a community claiming to be recognized does really possess all the necessary marks, specially whether it is likely to live. . . . Premature recognition, therefore, is a wrong done to the parent State; in effect, indeed, it amounts to an act of intervention."

And specially so, I will add, if the premature recognition is accompanied by prohibitions to the parent State against doing anything to subjugate the revolted community, as has been the case with the United States.

Hence, it is clear that both precedents and rules have been set at naught by the Executive.

The loss of Panama to Colombia is due to the intervention of the United States, pure and simple. The treaty of 1846 being in full force, there having been no previous declaration of war between Colombia and the United States, the latter is liable for damages and is in honor bound to make reparation.

A reversion to the *status quo* is Colombia's pretension; but if this should, perhaps, be impossible, Colombia, I think, would be willing to submit its grievances to the Hague Tribunal. If all nations are equal before International Law, it will be no dishonor for the United States to agree to arbitration, specially when President Roosevelt himself has strongly advocated it, and recently applauded the course of arbitration between other nations.

The honor of the people of the United States is at stake. Colombia has appealed to them and she awaits their decision calm and dignified. By such conduct she has set an example worthy of being imitated, even by those nations who claim such superiority of race and civilization.

But Colombia can well afford to calmly await the national verdict; for she knows that right and justice are on her side, while might and self-interest are the shield of the aggressor.

FRANCISCO ESCOBAR.

THE SON OF ROYAL LANGBRITH.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

I.

"WE'RE neither of us young people, I know, and I can very well believe that you had not thought of marrying again. I can account for your surprise at my offer, even your disgust—" Dr. Anther hesitated.

"Oh, no!" Mrs. Langbrith protested.

"But I can't see why it should be 'terrible,' as you call it. If you had asked me simply to take 'no' for an answer, I could have taken it. Or taken it better."

He looked at her with a wounded air, and she said, "I didn't mean 'terrible' in that way. I was only thinking of it for myself, or not so much myself as—some one." She glanced at him, where, tenderly indignant with her, he stood by the window, quite across the room, and she seemed to wish to say more, but let her eyes drop without saying more.

He was silent, too, for a time which he allowed to prolong itself in the apparent expectation that she would break their silence. But he had to speak first. "I don't like mysteries. I can forget—or ignore—any sense of 'terrible' you had in mind, if you will tell me one thing. Do you ask me *now* to take simply 'no' for an answer?"

"Oh, no!" The words were as if surprised from her, and she made with her catching breath as if she would have caught them back.

He came quickly across the room to her. "What is it, Amelia?"

"I can't tell you," she shuddered out, and she recoiled, pulling herself up, as if she wished to escape but felt an impenetrable hindrance at her back. In the action, she showed taller than she was, and more girlishly slender. At forty, after her widowhood of three years and her widowhood of nineteen years, the inextinguishable innocence of girlhood which keeps itself through all the experiences of a good woman's life, was pathetic in her appealing eyes; and the mourning, subdued to the paler shades of purple, which she permanently wore, would have made a stranger think of an orphan rather than a widow in her presence.

Anther's burly frame arrested itself at her recoil. His florid face,

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clean shaven at a time when nearly all men wore beards, was roughed to a sort of community of tint with his brown overcoat, by the weather of many winters' and summers' driving in his country practice. His iron-gray hair, worn longer than the fashion was in towns, fell down his temples and neck from under his soft hat. He had on his driving gloves, and he had his whip in one hand. He had followed Mrs. Langbrith indoors in that figure from the gate, where his unkempt old horse stood with his mud-spattered buggy, to pursue the question which she tried rather than wished to shun, and he did not know that he had not uncovered. At the pathos in her eyes and in her cheeks, which had the vertical hollows showing oftener in youth than in later life, the harshness of gathered will went out of his face. "I know what you mean," he said; and at his words the tears began to drip down her face without the movement of any muscle in it, as if a habit of self-control which enabled her to command the inward effects of emotion had not been able to extend itself to its displays. "Poor thing!" he pitied her. "Must you always have a tyrant?"

"He isn't a tyrant," she said.

"Oh, yes, he is! I know the type. I dare say he doesn't hit you, but he terrorizes you."

Mrs. Langbrith did not speak. In her reticence, even her tears stopped.

"You tempt him to bully you. Lord bless me, you tempt me! But I won't; no, I won't. Amelia, why in heaven's name, should he object? He has his own interests, quite apart from yours; his own world, which you couldn't enter if he would let you. A fellow in his junior year at college is as remote from his mother in everything as if he were in another planet!"

"We write to each other every Sunday," she urged, diffidently.

"I have no doubt you try to keep along with him; that's your nature; but I know that he cowed you before he left home, and I know that he cows you still. I could read your correspondence—the spirit—without seeing it. He isn't to blame. You've let him walk over you till he thinks there is no other path to manhood. Remember, I don't say Jim is a bad fellow. He is a very good fellow—considering."

The doctor went to the window and stooped to look out at his horse, which remained as he had left it, only more patiently sunken in a permanence expressed by the collapsing of its hind quarters into a comfortable droop, and a dreamy dejection of its large head. In the mean time, Mrs. Langbrith had sat down in a chair which she seemed to think had offered itself to her, and when the doctor came back he asked, "May I sit down?"

"Why, of course! I'm ashamed—"

"No, no! Don't say that! Don't say anything like that!"

In the act of sitting down, he realized that he had his hat on. He took it off and put it on the floor near his feet, where it toppled

into a soft heap. His hair had partly lifted with it, and its disorder on his crown somewhat concealed its thinness. "I want to talk this matter over sensibly. We are not two young things that we need be scared at our own feelings, or each other's. I suppose I may say we both knew it was coming to something like this?"

She might not have let him say so for her, but in her silence he went on to say so for himself.

"I knew it was coming, anyway, and I've known it for a good while. I have liked you ever since I came to Saxmills"—she trembled and colored a little—"but I wouldn't be saying what I am saying to you, if I had cared for you before Langbrith died as I care for you now. That would be, to my thinking, rather loathsome. I should despise myself for it; I should despise you; I couldn't help it. But we are both fairly outside of that. I didn't begin to realize how it was with me till about a year ago, and I don't suppose that you—"

Mrs. Langbrith shifted her position slightly, but he did not notice, and he began again.

"So I feel that I can offer you a clean hand. I'm six years older than you are, which makes it just about right; and I'm not so poor that I need seem to be after your—thirds. I've got a good practice, and I don't intend to take life so hard hereafter. I could give you as pleasant a home—"

"Oh, I couldn't think of leaving this!" she broke out helplessly.

Another allowed himself to smile. "Well, well, there's no hurry. But if Jim marries—"

"I should live with him."

"I'm imagining that you would live with me."

"You mustn't."

"I'm merely imagining; I'm not trying to commit you to anything, or to overrule you at all. My idea is, that there's been enough of that in your life. I want you to overrule me, and if you don't fancy settling down immediately, and would like a year or two in Europe first, I could freshen my science up in Vienna or Paris, and come back all the better prepared to keep on in my practice here; or I could give up my practice altogether."

"You oughtn't to do that."

"No, I oughtn't. But all this is neither here nor there, till the great point is settled. Do you think any one could care for me as I care for you?"

"Why, of course, Dr. Another?"

"Do you care for me—that way—now?" He seemed to expect evasion or hesitation, even such elusion as might have expressed itself in material escape from him, and, unconsciously, he hitched his chair forward as if to hem her in.

It was a needless precaution. She answered instantly, "You know I do."

"Amelia," Another asked solemnly, without changing his posture

or the slant of his face in its lift toward hers, "have I put any pressure on you to say this? Do you say it as freely as if I hadn't asked you?"

The absurdity of the question did not appear to either of them. She answered, "I say it as freely as if it had never been asked. I would have said it years ago. I have always liked you—that way. Or ever since—"

He leaned back in his chair and pushed his hands forward on the arms. "Then—then—" he began bewilderedly, and she said:

"But—"

"Ah!" he broke out, "I know what that 'but' means. Why need there be any such 'but'? Do you think he dislikes me?"

"No, he likes you; he respects you. He says you are a physician who would be famous in a large place. He—"

Anther put the rest aside with his hand. "Then he would object to any one? Is that it?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Langbrith, with a drop to specific despair from her general hopelessness.

"I don't recognize his right," Anther said sharply, "unless he is ready to promise that he will never leave you to be pushed aside; turned from a mother into a mother-in-law. I don't recognize his right. Why does he assume such a right?"

"Out of reverence for his father's memory."

II.

One cannot look on a widow who has long survived her husband, without a curiosity not easily put into terms. The curiosity is intensified and the difficulty enhanced if there are children to testify of a relation which, in the absence of the dead, has no other witness. The man has passed out of the woman's life as absolutely as if he had never been there; it is conceivable that she herself does not always think of her children as also his. Yet they are his children, and there must be times when he holds her in mortmain through them, when he is still her husband, still her lord and master. But how much, otherwise, does she keep of that intimate history of emotions, experiences, so manifold, so recondite? Is he as utterly gone, to her sense, as to all others'? Or is he in some sort there still, in her ear, in her eye, in her touch? Was it for the nothing which it now seems that they were associated in the most tremendous of the human dramas, the drama that allies human nature with the creative, the divine and the immortal, on one side, the bestial and the perishable on the other? Does oblivion pass equally over the tremendous and the trivial and blur them alike?

Anther looked at Mrs. Langbrith in a whirl of question: question of himself as well as of her. By virtue of his privity to her past, he was in a sort of authority over her; but it may have been because of his knowledge that he almost humbly forebore to use his authority.

"Amelia," he entreated her, "have you brought him up in a superstition of his father?"

"Oh, no!" She had the effect of hurrying to answer him. "Oh, never!"

"I am glad of that, anyway. But if you have let him grow up in ignorance—"

"How could I help that?"

"You couldn't! *He* made himself solid, there. But the boy's reverence for his father's memory is sacrilege—"

"I know," she tremulously consented; and in her admission there was no feint of sparing the dead, of defending the name she bore, or the man whose son she had borne. She must have gone all over that ground long ago, and abandoned it. "It ought to have come out," she even added.

"Yes, but it never can come out now, while any of his victims live," Anther helplessly raged. "I'm willing to help keep it covered up in his grave myself, because you're one of them. If poor Hawberk had only taken to drink instead of opium!"

"Yes," she again consented, with no more apparent feeling for the memory imperilled by the conjecture than if she had been nowise concerned in it.

"But you must, Amelia—I hate to blame you; I know how true you are—you must have let the boy think—"

"As a child, he used to ask me, but not much; and what would you have had I should answer him?"

"Of course, of course! You couldn't."

"I used to wonder *if* I could. Once, when he was little, he put his finger on this"—she put her own finger on a scar over her left eye—"and asked me what made it. I almost told him."

Anther groaned, and twisted in his chair. "The child always spoke of him," she went on passionlessly, "as being in heaven. I found out, one night, when I was saying his prayers with him, that—you know how children get things mixed up in their thoughts—he supposed Mr. Langbrith was the father in heaven he was praying to."

"Gracious powers!" Anther broke out.

"I suppose," she concluded, with a faint sigh, "though it's no comfort, that there are dark corners in other houses."

"Plenty," Anther grimly answered, from the physician's knowledge. "But not many as dark as in yours, Amelia."

"No," she passively consented once more. "As he grew up," she resumed the thread of their talk, without prompting, "he seemed less and less curious about it; and I let it go. I suppose I wanted to escape from it, to forget it."

"I don't blame you."

"But, doctor," she pleaded with him for the extenuation which she could not perhaps find in herself, "I never did teach him by any word or act—unless not saying anything was doing it—that

his father was the sort of man he thinks he was. I should have been afraid that Mr. Langbrith himself would not have liked that. It would have been a fraud upon the child."

"I don't think Langbrith would have objected to it on that ground," Anther bitterly suggested.

"No, perhaps not. But between Mr. Langbrith and me there were no concealments, and I felt that he would not have wished me to impose upon the child expressly."

"Oh, he preferred the tacit deceit, if it would serve his purpose. I'll allow that. And in this case it seems to have done it."

"Do you mean," she meekly asked, "that I have deceived James?"

"No," said Anther, with a blurt of joyless laughter. "But if such a thing were possible, if it were not too sickeningly near some wretched superstition that doesn't even believe in itself, I should say that his father deceived him through you, that he diabolically acted through your love, and did the evil which we have got to face now. Amelia!" he startled her with the resolution expressed in his utterance of her name, "You say the boy will object to my marrying you. Do you object to my telling him?"

"Telling him?"

"Just what his father was!"

"Oh, you mustn't! It would make him hate you."

"What difference?"

"I couldn't let him hate you. I couldn't bear that." The involuntary tears, kept back in the abstracter passages of their talk, filled her eyes again, and trembled above her cheeks.

"If necessary, he has got to know," Anther went on, obdurately.

"I won't give you up on a mere apprehension of his opposition."

"Oh, *do* give me up!" she implored. "It would be the best way."

"It would be the worst. I have a right to you, and if you care for me, as you say—"

"I do!"

"Then, heaven help us, you have right to me. You have a right to freedom, to peace, to rest, to security; and you are going to have it. Now, will you let it come to the question without his having the grounds of a fair judgment, or shall we tell him what he ought to know, and then do what we ought to do: marry, and let me look after you as long as I live?"

She hesitated, and then said, with a sort of furtive evasion of the point: "There is something that I ought to tell you. You said that you would despise yourself if you had cared for me in Mr. Langbrith's lifetime." She always spoke of her husband, dead, as she had always addressed him, living, in the tradition of her great juniority, and in a convention of what was once polite form from wives to husbands, not to be dropped in the most solemn, the most intimate, moments.

Anther found nothing grotesque in it, and therefore nothing peculiarly pathetic. "Well?" he asked, impatiently trying for patience.

"Well, I know that I *cared* for you then. I couldn't help it. Now you despise me, and that ends it."

Anther rubbed his hand over his face; then he said, "I don't believe you, Amelia."

"I did," she persisted.

"Well, then, it was all right. You *couldn't* have had a wrong thought or feeling, and the theory may go. After all I was applying the principle in my own case, and trying to equal myself with you. If you choose to equal yourself with me by saying this, I must let you; but it makes no difference. You cared for me because I stood your helper when there was no other possible, and that was right. Now, shall we tell Jim, or not?"

She looked desperately round, as if she might escape the question by escaping from the room. As all the doors were shut, she seemed to abandon the notion of flight, and said, with a deep sigh, "I must see him first."

Anther caught up his hat and put it on, and went out without any form of leave-taking. When the outer door had closed upon him, she stole to the window, and, standing back far enough not to be seen, watched him heavily tramping down the brick walk, with its borders of box, to the white gate-posts, each under its elm, budded against a sky threatening rain, and trailing its pendulous spray in the wind. He jounced into his buggy, and drew the reins over his horse, which had been standing unhitched, and drove away. She turned from the window.

III.

Easter came late that year, and the jonquils were there before it, even in the Mid-New England latitude of Saxmills, when James Langbrith brought his friend Falk home with him for the brief vacation. The two fellows had a great time, as they said to each other, among the village girls; and perhaps Langbrith evinced his local superiority more appreciably by his patronage of them, than by the colonial nobleness of the family mansion, squarely fronting the main village street, with gardened grounds behind dropping to the river. He did not dispense his patronage in all cases without having his hand somewhat clawed by the recipients, but still he dispensed it; and, though Falk laughed when Langbrith was scratched, still Langbrith felt that he was more than holding his own, and he made up for any defeat he met outside by the unquestioned supremacy he bore within his mother's house. Her shyness, out of keeping with her age and stature, invited the sovereign command which Langbrith found it impossible to refuse, though he tempered his tyranny with words and shows of affection well calculated to convince his friend of the perfect intelligence which existed between his mother and himself. When he thought of it, he gave her his arm in going out to dinner; and, when he forgot, he tried to make up by pushing her chair under her before she sat down. He was careful at table to have the conversation first pay its respects to some supposed

interest of hers, and to return to that if it strayed afterwards, and include her. He conspicuously kissed her every morning when he came down to breakfast, and he kissed her at night when she would have escaped to bed without the rite.

It was Falk's own fault if he did not conceive from Langbrith's tenderness the ideal of what a good son should be in all points. But, as the Western growth of a German stock transplanted a generation before, he may not have been qualified to imagine the whole perfection of Langbrith's behavior from the examples shown him. His social conditions in the past may even have been such that the ceremonial he witnessed did not impress him pleasantly; but if so he made no sign of displeasure. He held his peace, and beyond grinning at Langbrith's shoulders, as he followed him out to the dining-room, he did not go. He seemed to have made up his mind that, without great loss of self-respect, he could suffer himself to be used in illustration of Langbrith's large-mindedness with other people whom Langbrith wished to impress. At any rate, it had been a choice between spending the Easter holiday at Cambridge, or coming home with Langbrith; and he was not sorry that he had come. He was getting as much good out of the visit as Langbrith.

One night, when Mrs. Langbrith came timidly into the library to tell the two young men that dinner was ready—she had shifted the dinner hour, at her son's wish, from one o'clock to seven—Langbrith turned from the shelf where he had been looking into various books with his friend, and said to his mother in giving her his arm, "I can't understand why my father didn't have a book-plate, unless it was to leave me the pleasure of getting one up in good shape. I want you to design it for me, will you, Falk?" he asked over his shoulder. Without waiting for the answer, he went on, instructively, to his mother: "You know the name was originally Norman."

"I didn't know that," she said with a gentle self-inculpation.

"Yes," her son explained. "I've been looking it up. It was *Longuehaleine*, and they translated it after they came to England into *Longbreath*, or *Langbrith*, as we have it. I believe I prefer our final form. It's splendidly suggestive for a book-plate, don't you think, Falk?" By this time he was pushing his mother's chair under her, and talking over her head to his friend. "A boat, with a full sail, and a cherub's head blowing a strong gale into it: something like that."

"They might think the name was *Longboat*, then," said Falk.

Mrs. Langbrith started.

"Oh, Falk has to have his joke," her son explained, tolerantly, as he took his place; "nobody minds Falk. Mother, I wish you would give a dinner for him. Why not? And we could have a dance afterwards. The old parlors would lend themselves to it handsomely. What do you say, Falk?"

"Is it for me to say I will be your honored guest?"

"Well, we'll drop that part. We won't feature you, if you prefer not. Honestly, though, I've been thinking of a dinner, mother."

Langbrith had now taken his place, and was poising the carving knife and fork over the roast turkey, which symbolized in his mother's simple tradition the extreme of formal hospitality. She wore her purple silk in honor of it, and it was what chiefly sustained her in the presence of the young men's evening dress. This was too much for her, perhaps, but not too much for the turkey. The notion of the proposed dinner, however, was something, as she conceived it, beyond the turkey's support. Without knowing just what her son meant, she cloudily imagined the dinner of his suggestion to be a banquet quite unprecedented in Saxmills society. Dinners there, except in a very few houses, were family dinners, year out and year in. They were sometimes extended to include outlying kindred, cousins and aunts and uncles who chanced to be in town or came on a visit. Very rarely, a dinner was made for some distinguished stranger: a speaker, who was going to address a political rally in the afternoon, or a lecturer, who was to be heard in the evening at the town hall, the clerical supply in the person of one minister or another who came to be tried for the vacant pulpit of one of the churches. Then, a few principal citizens with their wives were asked, the ministers of the other churches, the bank president, some leading merchant, the magnates of the law or medicine. The dinner was at one o'clock, and the young people were rigidly excluded. They were fed either before or after it, or farmed out among the neighboring houses till the guests were gone. Ordinarily, guests were asked to tea, which was high, with stewed chicken, hot bread, made dishes and several kinds of preserves and sweet pickles, with many sorts of cake. The last was the criterion of tasteful and lavish hospitality.

Clearly, it was nothing of all this that Mrs. Langbrith's son had in mind. After his first year in college, when he had been so homesick that everything seemed perfect under his mother's roof in his vacation visits, he began to bring fellows with him. Then he began to make her make changes. The dinner hour was advanced from midday to evening, and he and his friends dressed for it. He had still to carve, for the dinner in courses was really unmanageable and unimaginable in his mother's housekeeping; but he professed a baronial preference for carving, and he fancied an old-fashioned, old-family effect from it. The service was such as the frightened inexperience of the elderly Irish second-girl could render; under Langbrith's threatening eye, she succeeded in offering the dishes at the left hand, and, though she stood a good way off and rather pushed them at the guests, the thing somehow was done. At least, the covered dishes were no longer set on the table, as they used always to be.

Mrs. Langbrith had witnessed the changes with trepidation but absolute acquiescence even at the first, and finally with the submission

in which her son held her in everything. In the afternoon, when he and his friend, whoever it might be, put on their top-hats and top-coats and went out to call on the village girls, who did not know enough of the world to offer them tea, she spent the interval before dinner in arranging for the meal with the faithful, faded Norah. After dinner, when the young men again put on their top-hats and top-coats to call again upon the village girls, whom they had impressed with the correctness of afternoon calls, and to whom they now relented in compliance with the village custom of evening calls, Mrs. Langbrith debated with Norah the success of the dinner, studied its errors, and joined her in vows for their avoidance.

IV.

The event which confronted Mrs. Langbrith in her son's words, as he sat behind the turkey and plunged the carving fork into its steaming and streaming breast, was so far beyond the scope of her widened knowledge that she mutely waited for him to declare it.

"People," he went on, "have been so nice to Falk and me, that I think we ought to make some return. I put the duty side first, because I know you'll like that, mother, and it will help to reconcile you to the fun of it. Falk is such a pagan that he can't understand, but it will be for his good, all the same. My notion is to have a good, big dinner—twelve or fourteen at table, and then a lot in afterwards, with supper about midnight. What do you say, mother? Don't mind Falk, if you don't agree quite."

"There is no Falk, Mrs. Langbrith," the young fellow said, with an intelligence which comforted her and emboldened her against her son.

"I don't see—" she began, and then she stopped.

"That's right!" her son encouraged her.

"James," she said, desperately, "I wouldn't know how to do it."

"I don't *want* you to do it." He laughed exultantly. "I propose to do it myself. I will have the whole thing sent up from Boston." Between her gasps, he went on: "All I have got to do is to write an order to White, the caterer, with particulars of quantity and quality, the date and the hour, and it comes on the appointed train with three men in plain clothes; two reappear in lustrous dress-suits at dinner and supper, and serve the things the other has cooked at our range. I press the button, White does the rest. He brings china, cutlery, linen—everything. All *you* have to do is to hide Jerry in the barn, and keep Norah up-stairs to show the ladies into the back chamber to take off their things. You can put our own cook under the sink. You'll be astonished at the ease of the whole thing."

"Yes," Mrs. Langbrith said, "it will be easy, but—"

"But would it be right?" her son tenderly mocked. "What did I tell you?" he asked toward his friend. "In New England, the notion of ease conveys the sense of culpability. My mother is afraid

she would have a bad conscience. If she took all the work and worry on herself, she would feel that she was paying the penalty of her pleasure beforehand; if she didn't, she would know that she must pay for it afterwards. Isn't that so, mother? But now you leave it to me, you dear old thing." Langbrith ran round the table and kissed her on top of the head, and made her blush like a girl, as he patted her shoulder. "Just imagine I was master, and you couldn't help yourself." He went back to his place. "What was the largest dinner you ever had in the old time?"

She hesitated, as if for his meaning. "Mr. Langbrith once entertained a company of six gentlemen, who came up here and talked of locating some cotton-mills. We called it 'supper'."

"I can imagine them. Can't you, Falk? The moneyed man to supply the funds, the lawyer to draw up the papers, the civil engineer to survey the property. Very solemn, and a little pompous, but secretly ready for a burst if the opportunity offered under the right auspices; something like an outing of city officials."

"They were very pleasant gentlemen," Mrs. Langbrith interposed, as from her conscience.

"Oh, I dare say they were when they had tasted my father's madeira. But about our dinner now? I don't think we'd better have more than twelve, and I should want them equally divided between youth and age."

Mrs. Langbrith looked at him as if she did not quite understand him, and he said:

"Have Jessamy Colebridge and Hope Hawberk and Susie Johns and Bob Matthewson—he's a good fellow—and make out the half-dozen with Falk and me; we're both good fellows. Then, on your side of the line, yourself first of all, mother, and the rector and his wife, and Judge and Mrs. Garley, and—who else? Oh, Dr. Anther, of course! I want Falk to meet the Doctor—the dearest and quaintest old type in the world. I don't know why he hasn't been in to see us, mother. Has he been here lately?"

"He was here a day or two before you came," Mrs. Langbrith answered, with her eyes down.

"Perhaps he has been waiting for me to call. Well, what do you think of my dinner party?"

"It seems very nice," Mrs. Langbrith sighed.

"And haven't you any preferences? Nobody you want to turn down?"

"It will be a good deal of a surprise for Saxmills," she suffered herself to say.

"I flatter myself it will. I have been telling Falk that the mixed assembly of old and young is unknown in Saxmills."

Falk had not troubled himself to take part in the discussion, if it was that, but had given himself to the turkey and the cranberry sauce, with the mashed potatoes and the stewed squash, which Mrs. Langbrith had very good. Her son had obliged her to provide claret,

which Falk now drank out of an abnormal glass with a stout stem and pimpled cup, hitherto dedicated to currant wine, before saying: "It astonished me less than if I had been used to something different all my life. You ought to have tried the other thing on me."

"Well, I only supposed from the smartness of the people in your *Caricature* pictures that you had always lived in a whirl of fashion."

"That shows how little you know of fashion," said Falk, and Langbrith laughed with the difficult joy of a man who owns a hit.

Mrs. Langbrith glanced from one to the other: from her son, with his long, distinguished face (he had decided that it was colonial), to the dark, aquiline type of Falk, with his black hair, his upward-pointed mustache, his pouted lips, and his prominent, floating, brown eyes. In her abeyance, she was scared at the bold person who was not afraid of her son.

"Well," said Langbrith, "I shall have to find some one to illustrate my *vers de société* who knows enough of the world for both."

"You couldn't!" Falk insinuated.

Mrs. Langbrith did not quite catch the point, but her son laughed again. "No one ever distances *you*, Falk!"

He discussed the arrangement of the affair with his mother. At the end, as she rose, obedient to his sign, and he came round to give her his arm, he said: "After all, perhaps, it wouldn't be well to strike too hard a blow. If you think you can get it up by Saturday night, mother, we'll drop the notion of having White. Make it tea, with turkey at one end of the table and chicken pie at the other, and all the sweet pickles and preserves and kinds of cake you can get together; coffee straight through, and a glass of the old Langbrith madeira to top off with."

V.

Mrs. Langbrith went into the library with her son and his friend by the folding doors from the dining-room, but only to go out of the door which opened into the hall, and escape by that route to the kitchen for an immediate conference with the cook.

The young men dropped into deep leather chairs at opposite corners of the fireplace, after lighting their cigars. Probably, the comfort of his seat suggested Langbrith's reflection: "It is a shame I never knew my father. We should have had so much in common. I couldn't imagine anything more adapted to the human back than these chairs."

"His taste?" Falk asked, between whiffs.

"Everything in the house is his taste. I don't believe my mother has changed a thing. He must have been a strong personality." Langbrith followed his friend's eye in its lift toward his father's portrait over the mantel.

"I should think so," Falk assented.

"Those old New England faces," Langbrith continued meditatively, "have a great charm. From a child, that face of my father's fascinated me. As I got on, and began to be interested in my en-

vironment, I read into it all I had read out of Hawthorne about the Puritan type. I put the grim old chaps out of 'The Scarlet Letter' and 'The House of Seven Gables' and the 'Twice-Told Tales' into it, and interpreted my father by them. But, really, I knew very little about him. My mother's bereavement seemed to have sealed her lips, and I preferred dreaming to asking. A kid is queer! Once or twice when I did ask, she evaded answering; that was after I was old enough to understand, and I didn't press my questions. He was much older than she; twenty years, I believe. He couldn't have been a Puritan in his creed; he was a Unitarian, as far as church-going went, and I believe my mother is a Unitarian yet; but she goes to the Episcopal Church, which makes itself a home for everybody, and she likes the rector. You'll like him, too, Falk."

"He won't talk theology to me, I suppose," Falk grumbled.

"He'll talk athletics with you. The good thing about a man of his church is that he's usually a man of the world, too. He's an Enderby, you know."

"I shouldn't be much the wiser, if I did," Falk said.

"I wouldn't work that pose so hard, Falk. You can't get even with the Enderbys by ignoring them; and you can't pretend it's meekness that makes you profess ignorance. The only thing I don't like about you is your peasant pride."

"I still have hopes of winning your whole heart then. I'll study your peasant humility."

Langbrith made as if he had not noticed the point. He rose and moved restively about the room, and then came back to his chair again, and said, as if he had really been thinking of something else: "If I should decide to take up dramatic literature, I believe I'll go to Paris to continue my studies, and perhaps we'll keep on there together. I wish we could! Can't you manage it, somehow? Those things of yours in *Caricature* have attracted attention; and if *Life* has asked you to send something, why couldn't you get a lot of orders, and go out with me?"

"Gentle dreamer!" Falk murmured.

"No, but why not, really?"

"Because a lot of orders are not to be got for the asking, and I'm a bad hand at asking. I think my cheek is good for applying to a New York paper for a chance to do scenes in court, and hurry-pictures of fires, and the persons in a vivid accident; but I don't think it would hold out to invite *Harper's* or *Scribner's* to have me do high-class studies abroad for them. I may be a fool, but I am not that kind of fool. Unless," Falk hastened to anticipate, "I'm all kinds."

Langbrith was apparently not watching for the chance snatched from him. "Well, I think you could do it, somehow," he insisted. "I'm going to Paris for my post-graduate business, and I've set my heart on having you with me. I wonder," he mused aloud, "why I like you so much, Falk?"

"I couldn't say," Falk returned, without apparent interest in the mystery.

"You're always saying nasty things to me," Langbrith pursued.

"You take every chance to give me a dig."

"It's all that keeps you in bounds."

"No—"

"Yes, it is; your arrogance would naturally splay all over the place. But just at present, you're in the melting mood that saps everybody's manhood toward the end of the senior year. If I didn't watch myself, I should feel a tenderness for *you* at times."

"Would you, really, Falk?" Langbrith appeared touched, and interested.

"I shall never know, for I don't mean to be taken off my guard."

"What a delightful fellow you are, Falk!"

"Do you think so? I should suppose you were a woman."

"Oh, it isn't the women alone that love you, old man. I love you because you are the only one who is frank with me."

"It takes courage to be candid with a prince. But, thank heaven, I have it."

"Oh, pshaw! There's nobody by to admire your sarcasms."

"I'm satisfied with you, my dear boy."

"Will you answer me a serious question seriously?"

"Yes, if you keep your hands off, and don't try to pat me on the head."

Langbrith was silent, and he would not speak, in his resentment, till Falk said, "Fire away."

Still it was an interval before Langbrith recovered poise enough to ask, "What do you think of Jessamy Colebridge?"

"Hope Hawberk, you mean," Falk promptly translated.

Langbrith laughed, and said, "Well, make it Hope Hawberk."

"She's about the prettiest girl I've seen."

"Isn't she! And the gracefulest. There's more charm in grace than in beauty, every time."

"There is, this time, it seems."

Langbrith laughed again for pleasure. "She has grace of mind. I don't know where she gets it. Her father—well, that's a tragedy."

"Better tell it."

"It would take a long time to do it justice. He was my father's partner, here, when the mills were started, and I've heard he was a very brilliant fellow. They were great friends. But he must have had some sort of dry rot, always, and he took to opium."

"Kill him?"

"No, it doesn't kill on those terms, I believe. He's away just now on one of his periodical retreats in a sanitarium, where they profess to cure opium-eating. There's a lot of it among the country people about here—the women, especially. When Hawberk comes out, he is fitter than ever for opium."

"Well, that's something."

"I suppose it's Dr. Anther that keeps him along. I want you to meet Dr. Anther, Falk."

"I inferred as much from a remark you made at dinner."

"Oh, I believe I did speak of it. Well, now you know I mean it. He's one of those men—doctors or lawyers, mostly; you don't catch the reverend clergy hiding their light under a bushel quite so much—who could have been something great in the larger world, if they hadn't preferred a small world. I suppose it is a streak of indolence in them. Anther's practice has kept him poor in Saxmills, but it would have made him rich in Boston. You mustn't imagine that he's been rusting scientifically here. He is thoroughly up to date as a physician; goes away now and then and rubs up in New York. He's been our family physician ever since I can remember, and before. My father and he were great cronies, I believe, though he's never boasted of it. I have inferred it from things my mother has dropped; or perhaps," Langbrith laughed, "I've only imagined it. At any rate, he dates back to my father's time, and two strong men, both willing to stay in Saxmills, must have had a good deal in common. He's always been in and out of the house, more like a friend than a physician. A guardian couldn't have looked after me better, when it was a question of advice; and, as a doctor, he pulled me through all the ills that flesh of kids is heir to. He has that abrupt quaintness that an old doctor gets. He would go into a play or a book just as he is. You don't care so much for that sort of man as I do, I know, for you're a sort of character yourself. Now, I'm different. I—"

"This seems getting to be more about you than your doctor," Falk said. He rose, threw the end of his cigar into the fire, and stretched himself. "What is the matter with our going to see some of those girls?"

Langbrith flushed, as he rose too, but he said nothing in making for the door with his friend.

They met his mother before they reached the door, on her return from the kitchen. She gave the conscious start which every encounter with her son surprised from her since his home-coming, and gasped, "Will you—shall you—see the young people, James? Or shall I?"

"I can save you that trouble, mother. Falk and I were just going out to make some calls, and we can ask the girls."

"Well," his mother said, and she passed the young men on her way into the room, while they stood aside for her; she gave her housekeeping glance over it, to see what things would have to be put in place when they were gone. "Then, I will ask the others, and we will have the dance after supper. Were you going," she turned to her son with, for the first time, something like interest, "to ask Hope?"

"Why, certainly!"

"Yes. That was what I understood."

"Didn't you want me to?—I mentioned her."

"Yes, yes, oh, yes. I forgot. And your Uncle John?"

"Yes, certainly. But you know he won't come. Wild horses couldn't get him here."

"You ought to ask him."

"Now, that's just like my mother," Langbrith said, as he went out with Falk into the night. "Uncle John has had charge of the mills here ever since my father died, and he was nominally my guardian. But he hasn't been inside of the house, I believe, half a dozen times, except on business, and he barely knows me by sight."

"The one I met yesterday in the office?"

"Yes. That's where he lives; that's his home; though, of course, he has a place where he sleeps and eats, and has an old colored man to keep house for him. He's a perfect hermit, and he'll only hate a little less to be asked to come than he would to come. But mother wouldn't omit asking him on any account. It makes me laugh."

VI.

The young men walked away under the windy April sky, with the boughs of the elms that overhung the village street creaking in the starless dark. The smell of spring was in the air, which beat damply and refreshingly in their faces, hot from the indoors warmth.

Langbrith was the first to speak again; but he did not speak till he had opened the gate of the walk leading up to the door of the house where he decided to begin their rounds. "Hello! they're at home, apparently," he said.

The windows of the house before them, as they showed to their advance through the leafless spray of the shrubbery, were bright with lamplight, and the sound of a piano, broken in upon with gay shouts and shrieks of girls' laughter, penetrated the doors and the casements. If there had been any doubt on the point made, it was dispersed at their ring. There came a nervous whoop from within, followed by whispering and tittering; and then the door was flung open by Jessamy Colebridge herself, obscured by the light which silhouetted her little head and jimp figure to the young men on the threshold.

"Why, Mr. Langbrith! And Mr. Falk! Well, if this isn't too much! We were just talking—weren't we girls?" she called over her shoulder into the room she had left, and Langbrith asked gravely:

"May we come in? If you are at home?"

"At home! I should think so! Papa and mamma are at evening meeting, and I let the two girls go; and I have got in Hope and Susie here to cheer me up, for I'm down sick, if you want to know, with the most fearful cold. I only hope it isn't grippe, but you can't tell."

She led them, chattering, into the parlor, where the other young ladies, stricken with sudden decorum, stood like statues of them-

selves in the attitude of joyous alarm which the ring at the door had surprised them into.

One of them, a slender girl, with masses of black hair, imperfectly put away from her face, which looked reddened beyond the tint natural to her type, flared at the young men with large black eyes, in a sort of defiant question. The other, short and dense of figure, was a decided blonde; her smooth hair was a pale gold and her securely smiling face, with its close-drawn eyelids—the lower almost touching the upper, and wrinkling the fine short nose—was what is called “funny.” It was flushed, too, but was of a delicacy of complexion duly attested by its freckles.

There was a strong smell of burning in the room, and, somehow, an effect of things having been scurried out of sight.

The slim girl gave a wild cry, and precipitated herself toward the fireplace as if plunging into it; but it was only to snatch from the bed of coals a long-handled wire cage, from the meshes of which a thick, acrid smoke was pouring. “Much good it did to hustle the plates away and leave this burning up! Open the window, Jessamy!”

But Jessamy left Langbrith to do it, while she clapped her hands and stood shouting: “We were popping corn! The furnace fire was out, and I lit this to keep the damp out, and we thought we would pop some corn! There was such a splendid bed of coals, and I was playing, and Susie and Hope were popping the corn! We were in such a gale, and we all hustled the things away when you rang, for we didn’t know who you were, and the girls thought it would be too absurd to be caught popping corn, and in the hurry we forgot all about the popper itself, and left it burning up full of corn!”

Her voice rose to a screech, and she bowed herself with laughter, while she beat her hands together.

The young men listened according to their nature. Falk said, “I thought it was the house burning down. I didn’t know which of you ladies wanted to be saved first.”

The girl who had run to throw the corn-popper out of the window came back with Langbrith, who shut the window behind her. “Oh, I can swim,” she said, and they all laughed at her joke.

“Well, then, get the corn, Hope,” Jessamy shrieked; “we may as well be hung for a sheep as a goat. It is a goat, isn’t it?” she appealed to the young men.

“It doesn’t seem as if it were,” Langbrith answered with mock thoughtfulness.

“Some of those animals, then,” the girl laughed over her shoulder. “Where *did* I put the plates, Susie?”

“I know where I put the corn,” Hope said, going to the portière, where it touched the floor next the room beyond.

Falk ran after her. “Let me help carry it,” he entreated.

“Do get the salt, Susie,” Jessamy commanded. “I know where the plates are *now*.”

"We hadn't got to the salt," Susie Johns said; but Jessamy had not heard her where she stooped over the music-rack and handed up three plates to Langbrith.

Falk came with Hope, elaborately supporting one handle of the dish with a little heap of popped corn in the bottom. She held the other and explained, "We had only got to the first popping," and Jessamy added:

"We were not expecting company."

"We could go away," Langbrith suggested.

"Susie, *have* you got the salt?" Jessamy implored, putting the plates on the piano. Susie stood smiling serenely, and again the hostess forgot her. "Shall we have it on the piano, girls? Oh, I know; let's have it on the hearth-rug here."

"Yes," Langbrith said, doubling his lankness down before the fire. He went on:

"For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the deaths of kings."

Jessamy had not minded the hoyden prank in which he took her at her word, but the name he seemed to invoke so lightly, shocked her. She drew her face down and looked grave.

"It isn't swearing, Jessamy," Hope Hawberk reassured her; "it's only Shakespeare. Mr. Langbrith never talks anything but Shakespeare, you know." She had a deep, throaty voice, which gave weight to her irony.

"Oh, all right," said Jessamy. "Susie, you wicked thing, have you got that salt? Why, of course! I never brought it from the dining-room. Here, sit by Mr. Langbrith, as Hope calls him—his Christian name used to be Jim—and keep him from Shakespearing, while I go for it."

"You might get him a plate, too," Falk called after her; Susie coiled herself softly, kittenlike, down on the rug at Langbrith's side. "I'm going to eat out of the dish."

"Hope, don't you let him!" Jessamy screamed on her way to the dining-room.

When she came back she distributed the plates among her guests, and with one, in which Hope had put her a portion of corn, she stood behind them. "Bless you, my children," she said. "Now, trot out your kings, Jimmy—Mr. Langbrith, I should say."

"Oh, no," Langbrith protested; "ghosts. We oughtn't to tell anything less goose-fleshing than ghost-stories before this fire."

"Why, I thought you said your kings were dead. Good kings, dead kings!" Jessamy added, with no relation of ideas. "Or is it Indians?"

Anything served. They were young, and alone—joyful mysteries to themselves and to one another. They talked and laughed. They hardly knew what they said, and not at all why they laughed.

At nine o'clock, Jessamy's father and mother came home, and

with them some one whose voice they knew. The elders discreetly went up-stairs, when Jessamy called out to whoever it was had come with them, "Come in here, Harry Matthewson."

They received him with gay screams, Jessamy having dropped to her knees beside the others, for the greater effect upon the smiling young fellow who came in rubbing his hands.

"Well, well!" he said.

"Now this is a little *too* pat," Langbrith protested, and he gave the invitation which he had come with, and which met with no dissent.

"It is a vote," said Matthewson, with the authority of a young lawyer beginning to take part in town meetings.

"Well, now," Langbrith said, getting to his feet, "the business of the meeting being over, I move Falk and I adjourn."

"No, no, don't let him, Mr. Falk! You don't want to go, *do* you?"

"Only for a breath of air. I'm nearly roasted."

Matthewson laughed. "I wondered what you were sitting round the fire for; it's as mild as May out, and there's a full moon."

"A full moon?" Jessamy put out her hand for him to help her up. The other girls put out their hands for help, too. "Then I'll tell you what. We'll go home with the poor things, and see that the gobbellins don't get them. What do you say, girls?"

"Oh! they say 'yes.' Don't you girls?" Langbrith entreated with clasped hand.

The young men helped them put on their wraps. Jessamy, when she was fully equipped for the adventure, called up-stairs to her mother: "Mamma, I am going out a few minutes." Her mother shrieked back: "Jessamy Colebridge, don't you do it! You'll take your death."

"No, I won't, mamma. The air will do my cold good," and she closed the debate by shutting the door behind her. "Now, that's settled," she said. "Where shall we go first?"

The notion of going home with Langbrith and Falk seemed to be relinquished. They went about from one house to another, where there were girls of their acquaintance, and sang before their gates or under their windows. At the first sign of consciousness within, they fled with shrieks and shouts.

In the assortment of couples, Matthewson led the way with Susie Johns, Falk followed with Jessamy, Langbrith and Hope were paired. Sometimes, the girls ran on alone; sometimes, in the dark places, they took the young men's arms.

They saw each other to their houses; then, not to be outdone in civility, the girls who were left came away with those who had left them. It promised never to end, and no one seemed to care. The joy of their youth had gone to their heads in a divine madness, in which differences of temperament were merged and they were all alike.

Langbrith did not know how it happened that he was at last taking leave of Hope Hawberk alone at her gate. He stooped over to whisper something. She pulled her hand from his arm, and said, "Don't be silly!" and ran up the walk to her door. The elastic weight of her hand remained on his arm.

VII.

The compromise between a Boston dinner and a Saxmills tea, which the mother and son had agreed upon, prospered beyond the wont of compromises. It was a very good meal of the older-fashioned sort, and it was better served by Norah, from her habit of such meals, than could have been expected, with the help of the niece she had got in for the evening. The turkey was set before Langbrith and the chicken pie before his mother. Norah asked the guests which they would have, in taking their plates, and brought the plates back with the chosen portion, and the vegetables added by the host or hostess from the deep dishes on their right and left. There were small plates of subsidiary viands, such as brandied peaches and sweet pickles, which the guests passed to one another. Tea and coffee and cocoa were served through the supper by Norah's niece from the pantry, where she had them hot from the kitchen stove. There was no wine till the ladies left the table, when Langbrith had Norah put down, with the cigars, some decanters of madeira from, as he said, his father's stock. He had a little pomp in saying that; it seemed to him there was something ancestral in it.

Instead of letting all follow the hostess out to supper pellmell, as the Saxmills custom had always been, he went about asking the men, *sotto voce*, if they would take out such and such ladies. "Will you take out my mother, Dr. Anther?" he said, with special graciousness. He told Falk to give his arm to Hope Hawberk, and he gave his own to the rector's wife. But when they came to look up their places, and found their names, by Falk's example, on cards beside their plates, Hope found hers on Langbrith's left. That way of appointing people their chairs was an innovation at Saxmills, and the girls put their dinner cards where they should remember to take them away. But the effect of this innovation was lost in the great innovation of having old and young people together at tea. The like had not happened in Saxmills before; except at a church sociable or a Sunday-school picnic, it had scarcely happened that the different ages met at all. When they did, it was understood that the old people were to go away early, and leave the young people to take their pleasure in their own fashion.

At first, the affair went hitchily. The girls had confided to one another, in the library, their astonishment at finding themselves in the mixed company, and their wonder whether their elders were going to stay for the dance. But, partly through their fear of Langbrith, which they could overcome only when they had him on their own ground, and partly through their embarrassment at being

obliged to talk with the rector and the doctor and the judge, they remained in a petrified decorum which lasted well into the supper. Even when Jessamy Colebridge caught the eye of Hope Hawberk from her place diagonally across the table, and saw its lid droop in a slow, deliberate wink, instead of bursting into a whoop of sympathetic intelligence, she blushed painfully and turned her face away, with a tendency to tears. She was not having, as she would have said, a bit good time, between the judge on one hand, who did not speak much to any one, and Mr. Matthewson on the other, who was talking to Susie Johns. And she felt the joyous mockery of Hope's triumph, where she sat between Falk and Langbrith, without the ability to respond in kind. Besides, she could not see why her father and mother had not been invited, if there were going to be old people. She could not catch the words which were kindly cast her across the table, from time to time, by the judge's wife. But good cheer is a solvent which few spiritual discomforts can resist. Before she left the table, Jessamy was beginning to have the good time which mounted as the evening went on, and culminated in Mr. Matthewson's going home with her. Judge Garley had scarcely talked to a young girl since his wife had ceased to be one. But he was so little versed in the nature of girls, that he did not know how much he had failed to enjoy Jessamy's conversation till his wife asked him at home how he could manage to find things to say to that little simpleton. In fact he had set her and young Matthewson talking across him, while Susie sat placidly silent, or funnily smiled to her indirect *vis-à-vis*, who happened to be Falk, released to her by Hope's preoccupation with Langbrith. As he noted to Susie, those two seemed to be having rather a stormy time, springing from a radical difference of opinion upon a point of sociology advanced by Langbrith, who held that the unions ought to be broken up, and alleged their criminal incivism even in their strikes in such a small place as Saxmills, where labor and capital were personally acquainted.

Mrs. Enderby was heard saying affably, across the table, to Hope: "I didn't know young people took such an interest in those things. You ought to talk with Mr. Enderby. I'm afraid he finds me very lukewarm."

"Oh, well, then, I'll talk with you, Mrs. Enderby," Langbrith promised. "There's nothing I like so much as lukewarmness on these subjects. I'd no idea I should get into such hot water with Miss Hawberk. I believe she's a walking delegate in disguise!"

"Well," the girl said, "I shouldn't like anything better than to lead your hands out on a strike. I think it would be fun."

Mrs. Enderby said "Oh!" in compliance with the convention that one ought to be shocked by such audacity, but really amused with it.

"You'll find me in the ranks of labor, if you ever do lead a strike," Langbrith said, gallantly deserting his colors.

Hope went on: "I should like to be a great labor leader and start a revolution."

"What salary would you want?" Langbrith asked.

"About half the profits of the employers!" the girl came back.

"Well, we must talk to Uncle John about that. He manages the mills. But if your strike cut the profits down to nothing?"

"There, there!" Mrs. Enderby interposed, "You mustn't let your joke go too far."

"Oh, I haven't been joking," Hope said.

"I was never more in earnest," Langbrith followed, laughing.

His laughing provoked her. She wanted, somehow, to turn their banter into earnest; to say something saucy to him, something violent; something that would show Mrs. Enderby that she was not afraid of him. At the same time, she believed she did not care for Mrs. Enderby or what she might think, and in the midst of her insurrection it seemed to her that he was handsomer than she had ever supposed—that he had beautiful eyes. She noticed, for the first time, that they were gray, instead of black.

"How do you like my flowers?" he asked, as if their talk had been of the decorations of the table.

"Oh, did they all come out of your conservatory?" she returned with an amiability which she could not account for. "It looks very pretty from here." She glanced down the table, with a quick turn of her little head, toward the glass extension of the room, where the plants bedded in the ground showed their green and bloom in masses under the paper lanterns, and the fine spray of an inaudible fountain glimmered.

"Yes, doesn't it? Everything that my mother touches, flourishes."

"Oh, I know that!" the girl said, with an intonation of wonder and reverence.

"There are very few things," he said, from his proud satisfaction, "that my mother can't do better than anybody else."

"Did you have to go to Harvard to find that out? Everybody in Saxmills knew it!"

"But you haven't," he reverted, "said what you thought of the arrangement." He indicated the flowers on the table with a turn of his head.

Another mood seized her. "You can't spoil flowers!"

"Well, I did my worst." He wished her to know that he had suggested their arrangement.

Mrs. Enderby was talking with her left-hand neighbor. Langbrith lowered his voice slightly in asking: "Are you going to give me the first dance, Hope?"

"I don't know," she said vaguely; and then indifferently, "I suppose I must begin by dancing with somebody."

He laughed and they were silent, while she kept herself from panting by drawing each breath very slowly and smoothly. Her breast heaved and her nostrils dilated.

There came a quick clash on the glass roof of the conservatory. "Rain?" she said. "Goodness! How are we going to get home?"

"Oh, don't even talk of going home," he implored, and she laughed.

He looked down the table to catch his mother's eye, and give her the sign for rising with the ladies and leaving the room. That was a main part of his innovation and a thing unprecedented. But he had agreed with Falk that the stroke could be broken by each giving his arm, in the new fashion, to his partner, and taking her back to the library. The other men did not understand, and waited, on foot, for the cue from him. He lost his head, which seemed to whirl on his shoulders, and he was stooping to offer his arm to Hope when he remembered Mrs. Enderby.

He was stupefied into the awkwardness of saying, "Oh, I beg your pardon!"

The rector's wife laughed, from a woman's perennial joy in the sight of such feeling as his. "Oh, I shouldn't have minded."

Hope gave an imitation of not having noticed, which none but a connoisseur could have distinguished from the genuine.

VIII.

"Dr. Anther, I want to introduce Mr. Falk a little more particularly to my oldest and best friend."

"Will he know what to do with such a treasure?"

Dr. Anther returned Falk's tentative bow with smiling irony, while he reached with his left hand for the cigars which Langbrith offered him.

Every one was still on foot, after leaving the ladies in the library, and Langbrith said to the group: "Sit down, gentlemen," and placed himself before answering the doctor. "Yes, I think he will. You smoke, don't you, Dr. Enderby? And you, Judge? Matthewson, I know, doesn't. Start the madeira after the sun, Harry." He pushed the cigars toward the elders and the decanter toward the young man, whom he bade give the smokers the candle. "Yes," he went on, to put Falk and Dr. Anther at ease with each other, "Falk's father is a physician, and my physician is the only father I have known."

"Oh, you're very good, James!" the doctor said, forgiving to the genuine feeling in the young fellow's voice the patronage of his words: "I can't say less than that no son of mine has given me less trouble." The two laughed together, and Falk smiled conditionally, as if he suspected that this country practitioner had his knife out. "Are you going in for medicine, too?" the doctor asked.

"Worse yet," Langbrith answered for him. "He's going in for art. I don't know whether my mother has shown you any copies of *Caricature* which I send her. But, if she has, you know Falk's work. It's the best part of Falk. Falk is *Caricature* himself—with my poor help in joking a picture now and then."

"This puts me on my good behavior at once," Anther said. "Mr. Falk may be looking for types."

"No, no; Falk's types always look for him," said Langbrith. "Won't you sit down?"

"I've been sitting," Anther said, and he walked, Falk with him, toward the conservatory.

"Well, it's a change, and your smoke will help the plants," Langbrith called, and he turned to take part in the talk of the judge and the rector, to which Matthewson was listening with the two sorts of deference respectively due to the law and to the church.

"Well, Mr. Falk," Anther said, "I suppose we must make the best of being two such remarkable people. I hope you're enjoying your visit to Saxmills."

"Oh, very much," Falk answered, smiling less conditionally.

"I don't know that it's much adapted to pictorial satire."

"You must make allowance for the stately layout Langbrith gives his friends," said Falk, and the gleam of intelligence in the doctor's shaggily pent-roofed eyes satisfied him of his ground.

"The place has always struck me as very picturesque," the doctor continued. "Of course, I don't know; but a good head of water seems to imply broken ground, and if there's a fall, such as we have here, it means up and down hill and the broken banks and the rapids and other things that you artists are supposed to care for."

"I don't know whether we really do—or I do," the young man said, modestly. "I'm rather more for the figure, I reckon."

"Western?" the doctor asked, with a lift of the pent-roofs.

"Northern Kentucky; Catletsburg."

"Curious! I thought of settling in that place, myself, before I came to Saxmills. Not New England people?"

"No, my people were German. My grandfather came out after the 1848 revolutions!"

"Oh, indeed! Rather odd I should meet some one from Catletsburg at this late day. I've hardly thought of it since I gave up going there. Except for a run to New York, at times, I have been twenty-two years in Saxmills, and I don't suppose I shall ever go anywhere else to live. In that time, a man's life shapes itself to the environment, and new surroundings hurt. Don't you find it so?"

"Well, I'm just trying my first twenty-two years."

"To be sure," the doctor laughed. "I suppose you and James are thrown a good deal together at Harvard."

"This last year, yes. Since he took the editorship of *Caricature*."

"Oh, indeed! He must be very popular, then, to have that?"

"Not very," Falk answered tranquilly. He looked steadily at the doctor, in breaking off his cigar ash, as if asking his eyes how far he might go. Then he said in a low tone, but with a certain indifference as to being overheard in his manner, "A good many of the fellows think he's an ass. They can't stand him. But they make a mistake. He's got a lot of ability. He doesn't do himself justice."

"How?" the doctor asked, blowing his smoke out.

"Too patronizing. But he doesn't mean anything by it, as I know. All you have got to do is to call him down. He stands that first rate, if he likes you, or if he thinks you are right. And he stands by his friends."

"I'm glad to hear so much good of him. Naturally, I'm interested in him, knowing his—mother so long."

Falk asked—from a feeling that the doctor had meant to say "family" rather than "mother"—"You knew his father?"

"Oh, yes, but he died when James was a very little child."

"He seems to have a sort of ancestor-worship for him," said Falk, with a slight amusement in his face.

"Yes," the doctor dryly allowed.

Langbrith was talking gayly with his other guests at the farther end of the table, where his voice rose in somewhat noisy dominance. He seemed to be laying down the law on some point; and the others to be politely submitting rather than agreeing.

Anther stood looking at him. He turned to Falk, and, with his face slightly canted toward Langbrith, he asked from one side of his mouth, "You've noticed his portrait in the library?"

"Jimmy doesn't let you escape that!" Falk said.

"How do you like it?"

"You mean artistically?"

"No, personally. How does the face strike you?"

"Well, I don't think I could worship an ancestor like that. Perhaps it isn't a good likeness."

"It was painted from a photograph."

"Yes, so he said. And that sort of portrait seems always to fail in conveying character."

Doctor Anther made no reply for some time. In fact, he made no reply at all. He asked, "And such character it does convey?"

"Well, he looks too much like a cat that has been at the cream. And it isn't the feline slyness alone that's there: there's the feline ferocity. Perhaps it's like a tiger that's been at the cream."

The doctor said gravely, "The artist had never seen Langbrith in life. You don't find anything of that sort in James?"

"No, *he's* like his mother in looks."

"Oh, yes. Don't you find—as an artist—Miss Hawberk very striking?"

"Wonderful. If I may speak as an artist. That cloud of hair hanging over her little face, and those coal-black eyes, and that red mouth between the pale cheeks! If I were a painter, which I'm not, and never shall be, I should want nothing better than to spend my life studying such a face."

"Her father," the doctor said, looking at Falk, as if to question how much he knew already, "is an extraordinary man."

"So Langbrith tells me. He told me about him."

"Oh, then," said the doctor with the effect of implying that there

need be nothing more said on that point. "You must stop me when I seem to be asking unwarrantable things. Do you think that James—"

"Doctor! Won't you come here?" Langbrith called to him from the other end of the table where he was sitting. "I've got three stubborn men against me here, on a point which I want you to settle in my favor."

"Somebody must give way, and you know I can't," the rector said, using the well-known words of the Boston lady who appealed to reason against her adversaries.

"What is this point that only one of you can agree on?" the doctor asked, coming up.

Langbrith laughed with high good humor, as if still in the after-glow of Hope Hawberk's playful hostilities. The qualities which gave his classmates the question whether he was not an ass were in abeyance. Even if he showed no such deference as Matthewson paid to the judge or the clergyman, he was withheld from patronizing them by the instinct of hospitality. At the worst, his superiority took the form of pressing the wine on them, and insisting that they had failed to get good cigars.

"Oh, I expect there will be two, now, doctor," he crowed. "It's a question of taste. I don't know how we got to talking about it—do you, Judge? or you, Dr. Enderby? But we were speaking of that immediate acquiescence of a community in a change of name—like that of Groton Junction to Ayer Junction. The pill-man gave a town hall, or something like that, to the place, and the bargain was struck. Said, done: and from that day to this nobody has mentioned Groton Junction even by a slip of the tongue, though the school at Groton keeps the old name alive and honored. The Judge, here, and Dr. Enderby were saying it was a pity that we had to keep such an ugly and indistinctive name as 'Saxmills,' and I was defending it, just because it was ugly and indistinctive. I was saying that the whole American thing was ugly and indistinctive, and that, if there was any choice, it was more so in New England than elsewhere. But now I want to tell you all something," and he went eagerly on, as if to forestall any interruptive expression of opinion from the others on a point which did not really matter. He glanced at Falk, where he stood blowing rings of smoke into the air at the door of the conservatory, as if about to demand his nearer presence, but apparently decided to include him by lifting his voice. "There was a time when a change of name was suggested here. Did you ever know about it?" he asked the doctor.

The doctor shook his head with indifference.

"No? Well, that was just like my father, if I read his character right. He would have consulted with you, if he had not decided of himself to suppress the whole thing from himself, and by himself. It was after he had built the library, and given it to the town. There was a dedication, and all that; and in a little diary—one of those

little pocket-almanac diaries, you know,—which I came across the other day among my father's papers, I found this laconic entry: 'Library dedication. Had been some talk of changing Saxmills to Langbrith, but I squelched that so thoroughly that nobody peeped about it.' Do you recall any such talk?"

Anther shook his head again. "It was before my time, here."

"And mine," the judge said.

The rector did not think it worth while saying it was before his, apparently; he was such a newcomer. But he said: "It was almost a pity he squelched it. Langbrith would have been a fine name."

The young man could scarcely conceal his satisfaction. "Oh, it would have been rather too romantic and Old English for a New England paper-mill town. I'm afraid it would have given the expectation of laid note, with deckelled edges."

The rector owned that there might be something in that, but he insisted that the name was fine.

"I think my father was right. And it was like him; don't you think so, doctor?"

"Very," Anther assented briefly.

"I can imagine just how he would have squelched it when the committee—there must have been a committee—came to propose the new name to him. I should not have liked to be in their shoes. He was not a man, as I imagine him, to have stood anything he considered nonsense." Langbrith looked at the doctor for confirmation, but Anther smoked on in silence. Langbrith was probably too well pleased to note his silence with offence. He asked abruptly, "Is that a good likeness of him in the library?"

"It was painted from a photograph, you know."

"Yes, I know. Still, if it's well done, it would convey his personality."

"It's fairly—characteristic."

Falk, from his station between the conservatory doors, grinned.

Langbrith frowned slightly. "It doesn't suit me, quite. And this brings me to something I want to talk with you gentlemen about. I've been thinking, for some time, of offering the town a medallion likeness of my father to be put up in the front of the library somewhere." He looked round at the others, but they waited as if for him to develop his idea fully. "My notion is, something in bronze; a low relief, of course, and a profile, or three-quarters face. The difficulty is about getting that view of him. The thing in the library is a full face, and I don't feel somehow that it does him justice. Do you, doctor?"

"Not perfect justice, no."

"He had a very strong character, but that painting conveys the notion of hardness rather than strength. Perhaps, the hardness was something in the painter's method, and he couldn't eliminate it from the likeness." The judge and the rector smiled. Anther said nothing.

"But if I could get hold of the right man to do the work, and could have you to help out from memory, doctor—"

"I couldn't," Anther said, abruptly.

The door-bell rang. Langbrith lost the frown in which his forehead had gathered, and smiled as he rose, and threw on the table the napkin he had been dragging across his lap while he talked. "There they come! This is something I should like to talk over with you gentlemen again." The judge and the rector made murmurs of friendly assent in their throats; the doctor did nothing to signify his acquiescence. "But, in the meantime, I would rather you wouldn't speak of it out of your own circle. Shall I follow you?" He made a motion for his guests to precede him, and called over his shoulder to his friend, "Come along, Falk."

(To be Continued.)